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New Republic

SPRING BOOK NUMBER

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HOW RIGHT IS RUSSELL?

An Analysis of the South's Favorite Son

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Letters

The Power of Righteousness

● Congratulations to Justice Douglas on his "The Power of Righteousness" (*NR*, April 28). During the five years that I have been reading the *New Republic*, that article is, in my opinion, by far the best that you have printed. No polish, no sophisticated snobbery, no journalese—just plain, simple facts in simple language that anybody can understand.

Berkeley, Calif. PETER BERGER

The Steel Seizure

● Congratulations on your very fine article "Steel And the Press." You said everything that I have been wanting to shout from the house-tops regarding the steel seizure by the President that the so-called "free press" would not touch on, with the exception of the New York *Post* which carried some excellent and fair editorials on the subject. This paper has been consistently fair to the Truman Administration and is doing a great public service by not playing up to either industry or labor but giving all a fair representation.

I believe that the President acted within his rights and I hope he will be upheld in the final decision. Many who criticize his every act I think forget that his terms of office have been the toughest to which any President has been subjected for a very long time and that he has led this country slowly but surely through perilous times and brought us so far without war on our own shores. Isn't it more important to be fair than to be partisan?

You speak also of news magazines and radio reporters who "abandoned their sham of objectivity." Some of these I honestly believe constitute a real menace to right thinking they are so terribly biased. Here therefore is something that only outstanding members of the news world like yourself can fight. More power to you—and many thanks for a true and clear interpretation of an important issue.

MRS. MARGARET N. TAYLOR

New York City

● It's difficult for any but biased minds to disagree with the rational, realistic approach of your editorial (*NR*, April 21) "Steel: What Next, Mr. President?" The steel controversy by its sharp turn and division may help to clarify issues and bring order out of confusion.

The manner in which management and their spokesmen in and out of Congress attacked Truman for seizing steel and violating the divine right of "private industry" in "time of peace" would make it appear that we're enjoying "normalcy" reminiscent of Harding days when big business was given free rein to operate "as usual." They seem to forget that we have had no peacetime economy since the war clouds appeared on the horizon in the late '30s when our security and democracy's cause leaned heavily on America's war potential. Even the Cold War alone automatically put our economy in a state bordering between vigilance and emergency.

It is, however, the rankest form of casuistry to deny that the Korean War with its mounting casualties and doubtful outcome, involving us in an immense defense job, is anything less than national emergency. One cannot help recalling that in less critical moments these same men sounded the alarm of emergency. It's safe to state that government seizure in favor of steel would be applauded by management as an act of national expediency. In times of trouble, when the state finds itself in the shadow of actual or potential war, basic instruments of defense like steel must abdicate some of their peacetime rights, stand ready to serve the state first, and when that service is on the point of being disrupted it must fall under the protective arm of government, whose duty it is, by putting the human scale above utilitarian derivatives and national interests above group interests, to see that service is uninterrupted—the welfare of the people being the essence of the Constitution. . . .

Philadelphia, Pa. MAX BISER

The 1952 Campaign

● "Campaigning with Kefauver" by John Hoving (*NR*, April 21) did not refute many widespread fallacies regarding Senator Kefauver and his record which are being disproved thereby increasing his appeal.

The Kefauver crime investigation has been criticized for not effecting sweeping results. If corruption exists it is due to the unwillingness or ineptitude of the local officials to act. It is not within the scope of a Senatorial Investigating Committee to replace incompetent or corrupted local officials. Senator Kefauver's leadership is to be credited for sparking a clean-up drive with amazing results (i.e. many permanent crime commissions were created). When corruption is revealed it is up to the local citizens to act. If this is not done, then they are to blame.

Senator Kefauver is "geographically" a Southern Senator and many people outside the South associate a Southern Senator with reaction. This is a deplorable and fallacious stereotype reaction. He has unquestionably a liberal record.

In the domestic field Senator Kefauver has steadfastly supported the public interest over special lobbies. He co-authorized the GI Bill of Rights and the Kefauver-Celler anti-trust legislation.

He voted for: TVA, long-range public housing, control of prices and wages, federal aid to education, elimination of the poll tax, upholding the anti-filibuster. The defeat of this last measure just about ruined passage of a compulsory FEPC. Senator Kefauver has said that he will support a compulsory FEPC if it is part of the Democratic platform.

He voted against: local rent decontrol, exemption of independent gas producers from the Federal Power Commission's control, prohibition of sale of oleomargarine in interstate commerce, the Taft-Hartley and the McCarran Acts.

His foreign-policy record is also progressive. He voted for: the North Altantic Treaty, extension of the Reciprocal Trade

(*Continued on page 4*)

Bandwagon

Self-Appraisal

Previously he [Wisconsin Rep. Alvin E. O'Konski] had stated that if he ran against McCarthy he would receive the support of many persons who had not previously backed him because they would regard him as "the lesser of two evils." – *From the Madison* Capital Times.

Ungrateful Wretches

What makes the current outbreak of labor strife outstanding is the fact that thousands of workers are striking or threatening to strike at a period when wages are the highest in history, hours the shortest, and following a decade in which management's generosity has set a new mark almost yearly. – *From the* Leader Republican.

Inflationary Evil

Former teachers who are now on service retirements are living longer than their normal life expectancy, creating an "unfavorable" condition in the pension fund's financial situation which "may need to be rectified." – *From the* World Telegram and Sun.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors.

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CONTRIBUTING CRITICS: W. H. Auden, Nicola Chiaramonte, Harold Clurman, Dudley Fitts, Kimon Friar, Gerald Johnson, V. O. Key, Max Lerner, Richard Lester, James R. Newman, Kathleen Raine, John Crowe Ransom, Herbert Read, Mark Schorer, James Johnson Sweeney, Rcbert Penn Warren
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT: F. R. Ruskin
COPY ASSISTANT: Lucille Davis

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WASHINGTON WIRE

JUST ABOUT one month hence a beaming General Eisenhower is going to step off a big army airplane in Washington, clad in uniform, and proceed first to the Pentagon and then to the White House in the process of giving up his job. Every reporter, every photographer, every television camera will focus upon him and his attractive grin. Then his troubles start. His backers now plan to let him make two or three formal appearances at which he will "outline his philosophy" but not spell out his views in specific detail. They plan, in short, to keep him under wraps until he is nominated at the GOP Chicago convention.

We desire to get our prediction in early. This plan won't work. Ike is on his own now, and he has got to take it. Most correspondents think Ike will be nominated, elected. We are not so sure. Our doubt rests on the ordeal ahead. Ike strikes us as a fine soldier who knows little or nothing about modern social trends. Some of his past utterances on social security, made while head of Columbia University, are disturbing and well to the right of Taft. He has startled supporters like the New York *Times* and Washington *Post*, who endorsed him early, sight unseen, by coming out for state ownership of offshore oil contrary to their own strong editorial policy for continued federal ownership. There are dozens—scores—of other issues like this that Ike has got to meet. A timid retreat into platitudes won't do; it would be worse than no answer at all. If there is one thing this column is sure of, it is that the voters will insist on finding out Candidate Ike's specific views before voting for him and that American reporters are preparing to bore in. A great hero is stepping off his pedestal.

Not a reporter that we talked to in the Kefauver-Russell battle in Florida would predict the outcome. This was the highest compliment possible for Kefauver because it was acknowledged that every political advantage was on Russell's side. Yet after the way the New Hampshire voters made fools out of prophets it was agreed that Kefauver might conceivably pull a miracle. Not in our time has there been such a clear-cut battle between the Old South and the New South. Russell, an able man who on many occasions has stood with the New Deal, particularly on foreign affairs and agriculture, has been kidnapped by the old, established, power-holding Dixie conservatives who have wrapped him in a Confederate flag. Russell is head and shoulders above the men around him who have turned him into a sectional candidate. By contrast, there is a verve, swing and youth to the Kefauver candidacy. It has gusto and enthusiasm, with Estes steadily handshaking at one end, Nancy pertly smiling at another, and Grandpa Kefauver giving a sort of patriarchial benison as he proceeds independently.

We got down to Florida to watch the show because Kefauver may be important to the Democrats whatever happens in this primary. The Russell oratory was the conventional affair, with the endorsement of subpoena-evading Gov. Fuller Warran hung around his unfortunate neck like an albatross. Russell's fellow speakers (though not Russell himself) threw mud at Kefauver on the race and Communism issues and rang the changes on FEPC. The Kefauver performance, by contrast, was something to see. With loud speakers booming the new foxtrot, *Senator from Tennessee*, with the candidate handshaking, with the paper "coonskin" caps broken out for the crowd, the show generated a feeling akin to a kind of subdued family birthday party. Kefauver is not really a good speaker in the sense of old-fashioned oratory, but he has some-

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THE WEEK

TUNISIANS AND FRIENDS

A small nation's revolt of an unprecedented scale in United Nations history may be the next repercussion of the Security Council's turn-down of the Tunisian case. Led by Pakistan's representative, Ahmed Bokhari, who eloquently attacked the US for preventing Tunisia's case from coming before the Security Council, the 11-member Asian-Arab bloc has succeeded in rounding up considerable support for a move to force consideration of the question in a special session of the Assembly.

Their drive was given a seemingly impressive launching on May 1, when 11 Arab-Asian and 16 South American delegates met in secret session in New York to hammer out a possible program for action. UN observers noted that the getting together at one time of this many of the smaller delegations was a definite tribute to Bokhari's organizing ability. More importantly, the 27 countries represented were only four short of the number of signatories required to force Trygve Lie to call a special Assembly. With the sure support of the five Communist delegations, and possibly some others, Tunisia's chances began to look up.

The Latin Americans, however, remain an uncertain quantity. Their delegations, while friendly, were uncommitted, waiting word from their home governments. The statesmen in Santiago and Quito may feel less warmly for Tunisia than their publicity-conscious representatives in New York. While their sympathies lie basically with the colonial countries, and they would probably like nothing better than to deal the Yankees a nice rebuke, they have always in the past followed the US lead in a show-down.

But the US is not likely to risk causing still greater resentment by a drive to whip the Latin Americans into line. More probably, the Latins will be persuaded that a special session would be needlessly expensive and cumbersome. It will then be Bokhari's turn to keep the issue alive, either for presentation at the Assembly's regular September session or for a renewed attempt to crack the Council. The wisest course for the US would be to let him succeed at the earliest diplomatic opportunity before our stand becomes more unpopular.

A CIVIL-RIGHTS PLANK

Next to picking a Presidential candidate, the big issue before the Democratic convention this summer will be the civil-rights plank in the Party platform. The two factions—for and against a strong civil-rights statement—are now planning convention strategy. Sen. Hubert Humphrey (D, Minn.), who led the successful fight for a liberal platform in 1948, has announced that there will be no "softening" of the civil-rights plank in 1952. Southerners, who walked out of the last convention on this issue, are anxiously seeking a compromise similar to the one they were able to push through at the 1944 convention.

In 1944, the Democratic platform included only this two-sentence statement on discrimination:

> We believe that racial and religious minorities have the right to live, develop and vote equally with all citizens and share the rights that are guaranteed by our Constitution. Congress should exert its full constitutional powers to protect those rights.

The vague wording satisfied Southerners who want to reserve such matters as poll-tax repeal, anti-lynching and fair employment practices legislation for state rather than federal action. The 1949 platform was far stronger, spelling out the President's "courageous stand" on civil rights and calling upon Congress to support the President in "guaranteeing" basic and fundamental rights, such as "the right to equal opportunity of employment."

Rep. Brooks Hays (D, Ark.) and Sen. John Sparkman (D, Ala.) feel that a compromise is more necessary this year than ever before and that a Southern revolt—spearheaded by Gov. James Byrnes and Sen. Richard Russell—would cost the Democrats any chance they may otherwise have to win the election this year. The non-compromisers are not intimidated by the Byrnes-Russell threat to bolt. They point out that the Democratic Party would have won the Presidential race in 1932, '36, '40 and '44 without the South and they would even have won in 1948 if the Democratic margin of votes in other states had increased only five percent: The Democrats who want the Party to remain the truly liberal Party consider a Southern revolt a step toward realignment of the Republican and Democratic Parties and therefore not entirely bad.

Another major issue before the convention that would have historic significance is a proposal to hold National Party Conventions henceforth every two years, instead of every four years. Biennial conventions have long been proposed by those who want to keep the party platform up to date and keep national political issues in the forefront even in mid-term election. Senator Humphrey recently appealed to Democratic National Chairman Frank E. McKinney to consider this question at the next convention. McKinney agreed to take it up with the Executive Committee at a meeting on May 15. The proposal has the unqualified approval of President Truman who said on March 2 that he believed it to be an "excellent idea" since such a convention plan "would provide a platform for Congressmen and Senators running in the off years."

IS STEVENSON OUT?

A current wisecrack out in Illinois is that the Republicans, in Eisenhower, have a candidate who isn't campaigning and the Democrats, in Adlai Stevenson, have a campaigner who isn't a candidate. Since his statement that he "could

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not be a candidate for any office other than Governor this year," Stevenson has made frequent out of state appearances, and the receptions he is receiving would be pleasing even to a candidate. In meetings in Dallas, Tex., and Portland, Ore., recently, Governor Stevenson has found attentive audiences, warmly responsive to his intelligent analysis of current problems. He is scheduled to appear next before the critical Commonwealth Club of San Francisco.

It is generally assumed within the family of his supporters in Illinois that the Governor is not today as definite in his wish to be counted out of consideration for the Presidential nomination this year as he was last month, that in the event the Republicans nominate Taft, he would take it, and there is growing skepticism that his withdrawal from the list of those available will remain permanent even if Eisenhower is selected. There are some cynics who think that Stevenson planned it this way, and is following a careful course to avoid standing as a candidate handpicked by Truman. Whether so complicated a strategy, assuming that one exists, would work in the face of a continued and never-tiring onslaught from Estes Kefauver remains a question.

PUBLIC HOUSING VICTORY

Public housing, long under bitter attack by entrenched real-estate interests in Los Angeles, has emerged victorious in a far-reaching legal battle. In a unanimous decision, the Supreme Court of the state of California has authorized the issuance of a writ of mandamus directing the city of Los Angeles to meet the terms of its co-operation agreement with the Housing Authority of the city. This decision, on the heels of a similar one recently issued in Montana, means that, as the National Housing Conference reports:

> . . . a body of law is being written that should discourage opponents of low-rent public housing in their campaign to pressure city governing bodies to attempt to abrogate low-rent housing contracts.

In August, 1949, the city of Los Angeles and the Housing Authority executed a co-operation agreement for the construction of 10,000 low-rent homes. Led by the real-estate interests, a propaganda campaign was inaugurated in an attempt to create the impression there was a vast surplus of rental housing in the city. In December, 1951, the city council, by an eight to seven vote, sought to abrogate its contract and cancel the 10,000-unit program. The city attorney was instructed to prepare a resolution to be submitted to the voters on the reinstatement of the agreement.

The referendum is still scheduled for June 3, but it will have no more legal affect than a straw vote. The Authority is free to proceed with its program but the public-relations effect of the vote is still of utmost importance.

THE DOCTORS' CLOSED SHOP

Ten years ago the US Supreme Court upheld the theory of prepaid group medical practice when the Court ruled that the American Medical Association conspired to restrain trade in its efforts to eliminate the Group Health Association of Washington, D. C. In the intervening years, the AMA has continued an active campaign against low-cost co-operative health plans. Last week, a similar case found its way to the high court which ruled 7 to 1 in favor of the Oregon State Medical Society.

The Department of Justice, which brought the case against the Oregon Physicians Service, and its sponsor, the Oregon State Medical Society, charged that the organized doctors had established their plan in order to eliminate other prepaid medical-care plans and had prevented physicians from co-operating with commercial health insurance plans. Judge Claude McColloch of the US District Court in Portland, declaring that Oregon doctors set up the OPS to "save their profession from Socialism," ruled that the government failed to prove any of its charges under the Sherman anti-trust law. It was McColloch's decision which the Supreme Court upheld. The Justice Department, which has been investigating complaints against medical societies in other states, is now at a decided disadvantage after having lost this test case.

FOR THE LONG PULL

The uncertain state of Republican politics, the announced retirement of Sen. Tom Connally (D, Tex.) and an effective presentation by the Administration's experts combined to give this year's foreign-aid bill passable treatment up to the point when Senate floor debate began this week. Gratifyingly, the so-called economic-aid program was not radically slashed, as seemed likely when Connally at one point joined the Republicans in denouncing it as a wasteful gift to unco-operative allies.

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which cut the program from $7.9 to $6.9 billion last week, acted with relative restraint in the crucial closing week of hearings. Its provision for an "across-the-board" cut, usually a poor approach to budget-slashing was a fortunate one in this case, since it saved the crucial economic parts from direr fate. It was brought forceably home to the legislators that the economic program is really "defense support," the force of which will be increased by a "multiplier effect" because of the crucial weight of US-contributed items to foreign economies.

The Mutual Security Administration's story, told to the small and for the most part sympathetic group in the committee-room, may have rougher going on the floor. An attack on our allies will be sure to be part of the isolationists' attack on the program. The most forceful answer to an economy-minded Congress which MSA has developed is that, everything else aside, European armed forces are several times cheaper to equip than higher-paid, better-equipped Americans. It is likely also that some of the less well-informed legislators will seize the fact that MSA still has billions in unexpended funds left over from this years budget. But an American fighter plane designed for the French Air Force must be ordered two years before it is actually paid for. It will be up to the more reasonable legislators in the Senate, and later in the House, to prove that entire mutual-aid program, can be effective only if it can provide security over the long pull.

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DE GASPERI'S DEMOCRACY

IN ROME, the long past is very much a part of the living present, perhaps more so than in any other great capital of the Western world. It is not entirely surprising therefore that the Italian Communists should have accepted as their equivalent of a political fair-haired boy in the election for local Roman offices on May 25 an elder statesman who held his first cabinet post the year before Theodore Roosevelt helped Woodrow Wilson defeat William Howard Taft.

Francesco Saverio Nitti, a hardy perennial of the tactics of the *combinazioni*, who has spent 48 of his 84 years in politics, heads a so-called independent Civic List. The degree of real independence can be judged by the fact that the list, in addition to including candidates for a broad range of anti-Atlanticists, anti-clericals and various and sundry dissidents of the Liberal, Republican and other parties, has the open support of Palmiro Togliatti and Pietro Nenni, the Communist and fellow-traveling Socialist leaders.

The motives for the support are fairly clear. The instructions from Moscow are to try to broaden the comrades' front against Atlanticism, even at the expense of doctrinal sacrifices. Since Rome is the capital of the Roman Catholic Church as a political force, and since it is basic Kremlin policy to foster and foment differences between political Catholicism and Atlanticism, Nitti is a better weapon against Catholic Action's Professor Luigi Gedda than any Communist could be.

What is even more striking about the campaign for the elections in Rome and 34 provinces of the South—the third and final round of contests for municipal and provincial offices—is that it should be, in general, a struggle of competing nostalgic yearnings for various good old days of the past, remote and recent.

Of the electoral slogans, the most extreme in frankness is the neo-Fascist: "*Si stava meglio quando si stava peggio*" which implies that Italians were better off in the bad old Mussolinian days. Thousands of the posters bore the cryptic formula: "18-25." This was an appeal by Premier Alcide de Gasperi and leaders of the political parties allied with him; it called upon the voters to make May 25, 1952, a repetition of the victory over Communism of April 18, 1948. The monarchists, of whom there are three different factions in a total field of 10 major contestants, unashamedly evoked the shabby glories of the House of Savoy. Nitti suggested a return to the splendors of the imperialism of the vintage of the Libyan War; and Gedda, going farther than anyone else, held forth the hope of wiping out the centuries of (what to him was the unadulterated evil) Protestantism.

In between the two extremes is the official list assembled by de Gasperi and the leaders of the so-called democratic parties. Here too there is a curious resistance to change: against the practical evidence, a spokesman for the Christian Democrats, Mario Missiroli, writing in the *Messaggero* of Rome, has insisted that nothing has changed in Italy since the start of the Cold War and that the goal on May 25 should be to repeat what happened more than four years ago.

Part of the practical evidence is the result of the two previous rounds of the local elections. Thanks to a specially tailored election law, the Communists lost seats; but they and their Nenni-Socialist allies gained votes, the neo-Fascists also gained, and the Christian Democrats lost heavily. Another part of the evidence is a growth of strength on the clerical-monarchist-neo-Fascist Right so marked that the Vatican appointed Gedda to try to exploit it, if necessary at the expense of de Gasperi.

Still another, and more important sign, is the fact that de Gasperi himself has also flirted with the extreme Right. The national committee of his party has authorized alliances "case by case" in various cities and regions with the FM, Monarchist Front and the UMI, Monarchist Union. Moreover, there were secret negotiations between the Christian Democrats and the reactionary monarchists, and it was only when the price fixed by the far Right proved to be too high that de Gasperi announced that he would make no concessions to the anti-democrats. Nenni answered scathingly, and the moral damage to the "democratic front" may come high in votes.

The results of the election, despite the emphasis on the past, are likely to have an effect, if only symbolic and psychological, on future political trends not only nationally within Italy, but also on a European, and even world scale. For the first time in the history of Italy as a united nation the Southern regions traditionally associated with anti-progressive politics, may play a decisive role. Though de Gasperi's variety of democracy was in many ways more nominal than real and though it lent itself to great corruption and excesses of the spoils system, it resisted the South's tendencies toward black despotism, hypernationalism xenophobia and an authoritarianism as bad in some ways as totalitarianism.

It is quite unlikely that neo-Facism will win the elections on May 25; but it is quite conceivable that de Gasperi will lose enough to aid the general European and world trend toward the "old" or "classical Right." The distinguished scholar and historian Gaetano Salvemini, who has spent a long life fighting totalitarians and reactionaries, comments in *Il Mondo*:

> A clerical-Fascist monarchy in the manner of Salazar would go well not only with Professor Gedda but also with Cardinal Spellman and the President of the United States. For, no matter who this President may be tomorrow, he will always have to take into account the electoral power of the American Catholics, led by Spellman, and also that of the Protestants. A naked Fascism would scandalize American Protestants, as well as not a few Catholics. On the other hand, a homeopathic Fascism would shock no one. The Americans would say that the Italians, having had Cesare Borgia and Mussolini, should not be discontent with a Salazar. As one knows, the people of inferior civilizations cannot aspire to the democracy of superior civilizations.

Paris PERCY WINNER

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HOW RIGHT IS RUSSELL?

by Harry Conn

RICHARD BREVARD RUSSELL of Georgia, de-facto leader of the United States Senate and Southern candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, cannot be relegated to the role of another inconsequential regional contender. In Russell is embodied much of the considerable political power of the South, solidified in a determined effort to influence both the selection of the candidate and platform of the Party at the Chicago convention in July—particularly on the issue of civil rights. And if this effort should fail, the legal path has been laid for a bolt from the National Democratic Party by a formidable number of his backers.

Among Northern Democrats there is already some talk of watering down the civil-rights plank in the platform. Some liberals' tongues are wagging about a "unity ticket," with Russell mentioned as a running mate for Illinois Gov. Adlai Stevenson or another Northern liberal. The candidacy of the Georgian has been treated with deference by the press which has hailed him as one of the "ablest statesmen" in the Senate and by inference represented him to be one of the saner and more moderate of Southern politicians. How right are they?

In the sleepy little Georgia town of Winder, a big, old-fashioned, white frame house sits comfortably shaded by massive magnolias and water oaks. It is "Russell," the family homestead of Dick Russell, which has remained in the family since the War Between the States. Nestled in 1,200 acres, it sits as a symbol of the old South, rigidly resisting the years but bending slightly to such essential improvements as electricity and modern plumbing. And the most famous member of the Russell clan, the bachelor "Uncle Dick" to 39 nieces and nephews and thousands of other Georgians, is a symbol, too, the spokesman of the old South and its mores, with electricity and modern plumbing added.

This New Confederacy of Dick Russell's is built on the foundations of the old. Its strongest pillars are the defense of racial segregation and the principle of states' rights to preserve the status quo. It is resigned to limited internationalism but rejects world co-operation on the grounds that it would mean a "super-state." It is preoccupied with fighting "creeping Socialism" and restricting organized labor but opposes most forms of business regulation. Russell, in 20 hard-working years in the Senate, has emerged as the most effective exponent of its philosophy.

Russell's technical ability as a US Senator and parliamentarian is generally recognized. As Chairman of the Joint Senate Committee which investigated the dismissal of Gen. Douglas MacArthur as United Nations and United States Commander in the Pacific, these merits were put to the highest test. The hearings opened in an atmosphere of hysteria, reflected throughout the nation. But when, after listening to some two million words of testimony from the nation's top military figures, he closed the inquiry, the mad cries had been reduced to whimpers and the nation's pulse rate had dropped. Russell's adroit and objective chairmanship had accomplished a superb steam-letting job.

At 54, Dick Russell is fifth in Senate seniority. The added fact that he is a Southerner makes the Georgian probably the most powerful man in that body today. For whichever political party is in the ascendency the 11 Southern states provide the balance-of-power bloc. Russell is the recognized commander of this bloc. On routine issues he can general about 16 of the 22 Southern votes, usually the difference between victory and defeat.

Russell has been the focal figure in the South's determined stand to resist advances in civil rights. Around him have rallied the extremists of racial segregation. In the man from Winder they have found a winning and smooth spokesman. His speech last fall to a Senate committee is a fair sample of the Russell line:

We never had a time in this country under any system of government when all the people at the bottom of the econo-

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mic heap had absolutely all their civil rights. It does not matter whether they are white or black or yellow, they have never had them.

In my own state, I know that there is a poor white man for every poor Negro in Georgia, and you are not going to help the situation by entering into the field of work relationships with a law designed to give special priorities to any one of the groups. The road to a perfect civilization is slow and tortuous, it has ever been so, and we will have to view this thing from the standpoint of all the people and try to improve the conditions of all of them. If you ever start into this business of doing this for that group, and that for that, why, you will only aggravate the injustices, the net aggregate of the injustices of humanity.

With none of the bravado of a Bilbo or a Rankin, Russell has effectively directed the fight against what he terms "civil wrongs." He has made the right to discriminate synonymous with "free enterprise," appealing to the entire business community of America. "Compulsory FEPC is Socialism," he declared. "And I am American enough to believe that, if a drugstore owner wants to serve only red-headed people with brown eyes, he can do it."

Talk is the most effective weapon for the defenders of the Southern status quo. On the floor of the Senate, Rule 22 which permits the filibuster, gives words lethal potency. Rule 22 provides that only a vote of two-thirds of the entire Senate can close a debate. Dick Russell has prevented repeal of the rule by a series of deals with some of his Republican colleagues, one of which was reported in a Senate hearing by Sen. Wayne Morse (R, Ore.) but later denied by the Georgian.

According to the Morse statement and other sources, Russell engineered a vote-trading proposition in 1949 to give him enough votes to overrule Vice-President Barkley's ruling that a filibuster could be brought to a close by majority vote. He pledged Southern Democratic votes to the late Sen. Kenneth Wherry (R, Neb.) and Sen. Zales Ecton (R, Mont.) to defeat a government plan to run a Pacific Northwest power transmission line from Kerr Dam to Anaconda, Mont. The Montana Power and Light Company wanted to run the line itself. Russell, who prided himself on never having voted against transmission lines to load centers, violated his principle for Republican votes against the Barkley ruling. Subsequently 19 Republicans joined the South against the Barkley ruling, turning the tide.

Russell has consistently voted in favor of rural electrification. But many of his other votes in the power field have reflected a deep concern for the private interests. In 1948, he opposed legislation authorizing the St. Lawrence Seaway; in 1949, he voted against the confirmation of the reappointment of Leland Olds to the Federal Power Commission; and, in 1950, he supported the Kerr Natural Gas Bill, vetoed by the President, which would have raised natural gas prices to consumers. He was a leader in the fight against the Reed-Bulwinkle bill to exempt railroads from anti-trust laws which nullified cases pending against the railroads.

On taxes, Russell has a tendency to go along with his fellow Georgian, Sen. Walter F. George, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, who is famous for his tender concern for taxpayers in the high income brackets. In 1948, Russell voted to override the Presidential veto of the Knudsen tax bill, which Truman had described as inequitable with too many benefits to those with high income. In 1950, he voted to postpone action on the President's request for an excess-profits tax. Last year, he helped keep loopholes for the well-to-do in the tax law by voting against barring income-splitting and against eliminating advantages gained by family partnerships.

In the general fight against inflation, Russell has gone along with some of the Administration's program. He supported the Defense Production Act for the past two years but was not among those seeking a stronger Act. He has voted to weaken rent controls by supporting "local-option" decontrol provisions and by cutting appropriations for the Office of Rent Stabilization. In 1950, he lined up with Sen. John Bricker (R, Ohio) to prohibit the use of selective price-wage controls under the Defense Production Act and last year voted to take away the authority of the Administration under the Act to roll back prices.

Dick Russell has never been a friend of organized labor. On the contrary, Georgia cotton-mill owners who are enjoying their open shops are among his strongest supporters. In 1943, he supported the Smith-Connally anti-strike bill and was one of the handful who voted against final passage of the Full Employment Bill.

In 1946, he contributed his bit to the Case Bill which placed many restrictions on collective bargaining and was considered by many far more harmful to labor than even the Taft-Hartley Act. On February 5 of that year, he told the Senate: "As I see it, the Case Bill is the best piece of legislation before us. . . . It does not go far enough. But it is a step in the right direction. . . ." It was quite consistent for him afterward to support the Taft-Hartley Act and the overriding of President Truman's veto. He went on to hurt the workingman further in 1947 by helping to weaken the Social Security Act through support of a number of restrictive amendments and by fighting to lower the federal minimum wage from 75 cents to 65 cents an hour.

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To those who have believed that at least the Georgia Senator has been a true supporter of Democratic foreign policy, a factual look at the record may be startling.

The following quote from the *Christian Science Monitor* of September 27, 1951, tells much of the story:

> Although an internationalist in theory, Mr. Russell has voted against the Vandenberg-Connally bipartisan foreign policy almost as frequently as Senator Taft. In the comparative records of 96 Senators carried in the *Christian Science Monitor* on December 11, where 32 top Senators approved all 30 foreign-affairs issues sponsored by Senators Vandenberg and Connally taken as a key, Mr. Russell voted against 13 of them, Mr. Taft voted against 14 of them.

Among the vital issues in the *Monitor* poll was the $3.75 billion loan to Britain which Russell voted against but which passed 46 to 34. The next year he supported an amendment sponsored by Sen. George Malone (R, Nev.) to cut interim foreign aid from $597 million to $400 million which was defeated 56 to 30. In 1948, he sided with a Taft amendment to cut ECA funds from $5.3 billion to $4 billion, defeated 56 to 31. The following year he proposed an amendment to cut ECA funds by 10 percent, defeated 54 to 23. In 1949, he supported Sen. Pat McCarran (D, Nev.) in an appeal from Vice-President Barkley's ruling that an amendment granting aid to Franco Spain was out of order in connection with the ECA appropriation bill. Barkley was upheld 55 to 36. In 1950, Russell voted against inclusion of Point Four assistance to underdeveloped area in the Foreign Economic Assistance Act and, again, for a 10-percent cut in ECA funds. It was in spite of Russell's efforts that both Point Four and the ECA won out.

On most issues, both domestic and foreign, Russell has conducted himself with extreme care. Usually he has remained behind the scenes—keeping his fences built at home, avoiding controversy, currying favor with all factions. Consequently, he has emerged as perhaps the most unscarred and generally one of the most respected men in the Senate.

Despite the fact that Russell, whose sense of timing is superlative, remained a Truman regular in the last Presidential election, the hard core of his support this year is made up of the 1948 Dixiecrats. The money for his campaign again will come from the coffers of the same oil companies, power companies and Republican-minded corporations with offices in the South. But this time something has been added to the Dixiecrat appeal. The loud and wooly white supremacists who dominated the '48 campaign have been relegated to the back room. The Georgia Senator has been placed in the show-window. And, though their political purposes and their financial supporters are the same as four years ago, the Dixiecrats now, in the person of this Southern statesman, have an aura of respectability.

For the past four years, under the able tutelage of Gov. James Byrnes of South Carolina and Sen. Harry Byrd (D, Va.), the Dixiecrats have been devising methods to corral Southern delegates to the Democratic Convention in July and to control Southern Presidential electors in November. Last January, the movement crystallized in Georgia. Sponsored by Gov. Herman Talmadge and written by his cohort, Dixiecrat leader Roy Harris, an electoral bill was passed by the Georgia legislature which establishes the Georgia Democratic Party as an entity unto itself without connection or obligation to the National Democratic Party. In effect, it gives the Governor the power to name the state party executive committee and to choose the party electors. The legal basis for a bolt is there.

Other states followed the lead of Georgia. The Virginia legislature approved a similar move. In Mississippi, the state legislature passed a measure empowering the State Democratic Convention to recess until after the National Democratic Convention and then to choose its own nominees and pledge electors for President and Vice-President. In South Carolina Governor Byrnes dominates the Party and single-handedly can deliver the state's electoral votes to any candidates of his choosing.

Louisiana is already in the Russell camp. In Alabama and North Carolina, the Russellites are meeting stout opposition from the forces of Sen. Estes Kefauver, and the outcome is still in doubt. And in Florida, the primary is settling that state's allegiance with most of the top elected officials working for Russell.

Regardless of the outcome in Florida and other doubtful Southern states, Russell will remain a lure to the opportunistic elements in the Democratic Party. He will come to the convention with a minimum of 300 delegate votes. His name on a Democratic ticket would guarantee it the full complement of Southern electoral votes, no small matter in a close election. If Adlai Stevenson were yet to be the Presidential nominee, the pressure would surely be strong to make Russell his running mate.

In Chicago, the Democrats will be faced with two questions: first, as the price of Southern collaboration in the campaign, will Northern liberals agree to Russell as the number-two man on the Presidential ticket; and, second, failing that will the party as a whole submit to the South's demand for an empty civil-rights plank as the price for avoiding a large-scale Southern bolt far more serious than that in 1948?

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loyalties, if they have not been transferred to the two postwar governments, have to some extent gone over to the states whose importance Germany's new federal structure has enhanced. Economically the breakdown of unity was tougher, but both West and East governments have taken all measures possible to make do without the other part. New industries have been created; excess capital has migrated or has been transferred to new economic spheres.

Much effort has gone into these new creations, private in the West and governmental in the East, and these new vested interests stand across the path of a new economic union. Moreover, without being ineradicable, there have been significant divergencies in administrative methods and organization in East and West; there has been a definite shift in the political and social structure in the East, accompanied by the partial economic destruction of the middle classes—though not to the extent usually claimed by the Communists—and, above all, the land reform provides the single almost unbridgeable gulf between East and West German societies. There is, in fact, evidence that the *Drang für Emigung*, the urge for unity, proves only skin deep when scratched. During the Berlin blockade, for instance, when the West was busy with its currency reform, Berlin politicians had to make the greatest efforts, helped by the astonished Occupation Authorities, to get anyone in Western Germany to take an interest in the fate of Berlin.

There is, then, at the least a possibility that if the status quo continues a few years, as it most likely will, the spring of the sentimental urge for German unity may dry up, vitiated by the hard facts of economics and the realities of everyday politics. That would seem to prescribe for the Western Powers a policy of nibbling away, however slowly, at the obstacles to the inclusion of Western Germany in the free European organizations, and bypassing the Soviet propaganda proposals—an undistinguished, unglamorous, boring, but wholly realistic policy, capable of knocking the bottom out of Russia's plans in Germany, a policy, above all, fully in line with the US administration's global strategy of containment and coexistence; indeed, exactly that policy faithfully followed by Dr. Adenauer for the last two years. It is very likely that he has accepted for himself the realization that German unity is for the moment impossible, though he has not dared to say so openly, even to his colleagues.

SOVEREIGN JAPAN—ONE JAPANESE SPEAKS

by Hiroo Mukai

MY COUNTRY, Japan, has just regained its sovereignty. I fear that the outlook for its future as a democratic country is dark.

The real danger lies not so much in the increasingly reactionary tendencies of the Japanese Government but in the lack of change in the minds of the Japanese people during six and a half years of occupation. Generally speaking, the people remain fundamentally the same in their ways of thinking as in the prewar days when the nationalists and militarists were allowed to rule the destiny of that nation.

The present Cabinet's reported plans—such as the abolishing of the Women's and Minors' Bureau and the Children's Bureau, the dissolution of the Public Utilities Commission, the shortening of compulsory education, the preparation of press and organization control laws, the creation of a centralized police system, the revision of labor legislation, the approval of increased centralization of economic power—are discouraging signs. But I am more discouraged by the continued existence of the people's traditional submissiveness and resignation, for this is what makes such reversals possible. It is only when the people find a strong and impressive leader that they will actively oppose authority. Unfortunately, the leaders to the people's liking are apt to be demagogues. Thus, the masses in Japan are very susceptible to the poison of both ultranationalism and Communism.

I have come across many cases of employers violating the Labor Standards Law. The workers knew that they were being treated illegally and resented it; but although they grumbled among themselves, it was only after much persuasion that any of them approached the employers for better treatment. On the other hand, I have also come across many cases where vigorous agitators succeeded in instigating a feeling of hatred among the workers toward the employers, who actually were complying with all legal requirements and treating their workers well.

In contrast, among intellectuals there are far too many who, when among friends, show a good understanding of right and wrong and are articulate in their criticism, and yet make no attempt to express their thoughts publicly. Most Japanese seem to lack the courage, energy or interest to take active steps toward remedying the wrongs.

Much has been said about the increased freedom of

Hiroo Mukai is a Japanese journalist currently studying at the University of Pittsburgh Graduate School under the Department of the Army's student-exchange program.

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speech in postwar Japan. It is pointed out that the radio program *Man in the Street*, in which some current topic is selected and the passersby are asked to express their views, is one of the most popular on the air. The people's active participation in the panel discussions, debates, public forums and the large volume of contributions to the letters columns of the newspapers are used to illustrate the extent to which the people are practicing freedom of speech. But it is not too difficult to express oneself when one knows that what one says will be received without unfavorable repercussions. The difficulty lies in speaking one's thoughts and opinions when one is not asked for them. The more reactionary government becomes, the more the people in power will frown upon criticism from the masses; yet it is then that a strong determination on the part of the masses to exercise their right to free expression will be most essential. I am worried because I do not think that this strong determination has developed among the Japanese.

The surprising speed with which the labor movement grew in postwar Japan is another proof of the impressibility of the Japanese. In the future of Japan's democracy, a strong, sound and responsible labor movement could play an extremely important role. But I am afraid that many of the unions of Japan have an inherent weakness in the fact that they emerged as a result of the workers' sensitiveness to influence and pressure from others rather than as a crystallization of their ideals and desires. In the earlier days of the Occupation, the government openly encouraged the workers to form unions, and in a way, to form a union or become a member of one seemed to be the thing to do if a worker were to keep up with the times and be fashionable. The growth of unions was not the result of deep-rooted convictions on the part of the workers, and this fact showed itself as an infirmity in the years after 1949. Then the government decided that the workers were getting too strong, so a program to check the powers and actions of the unions was put into effect. The result was that the number of unions and union membership dropped. Whereas the figures for June, 1949, show 34,688 unions, 6,655,483 members and a unionization rate of 55.7 percent, the figures for June, 1950, are only 29,144 unions, 5,773,908 members and a unionization rate of 45.9 percent. I believe that a further decrease in unions and union membership has taken place since June, 1951, for during the latter part of 1950, the managements in all the main industries carried out a so-called Red purge, thereby discharging 10,971 workers who were alleged Communists or fellow-travelers, and 1,180 public servants were also dismissed for similar reasons. The workers sensed a change and were preparing to adjust themselves to the new situation.

As a slogan, democracy has become extremely popular in postwar Japan. But too little attention has been paid to the true meaning of democracy and to what is meant by the democratic way of life. The word has been much abused: democratic bars, democratic dance halls, democratic barbers, democratic floor shows, democratic bicycles, democratic ice creams . . . the only things missing in Japan seem to be democratic ideals. I have found too many Japanese who think of democracy as a fashion or something that is in the vogue. One man's idea of democracy was to procure a picture of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, hang oil paintings in place of Japanese scrolls, install an elaborate modernistic lampshade, and to smoke a briar pipe instead of his long-stemmed Japanese pipe. Many Japanese are aware of democracy as majority rule but remain unaware of the minority's rights. There have been many cases where the minority has been denounced and any attempt to explain its views silenced as being undemocratic. Again, many Japanese seem to think of democracy as something synonymous to license. People smoking in theatres and on streetcars, despite the no-smoking signs, abuse anybody who tries to stop them by calling him undemocratic. Rules and regulations of all types have been ignored under the excuse of democratic practice.

I am skeptical about the number of Japanese who vote at an election on the basis of a candidate's political beliefs, ideals and platform. In too many cases, a candidate's family background, relationship with the voter, social status, name value and chances of being elected are factors which influence a voter's decision. Once the election is over, the average voter loses all interest in what his candidate does. A member of the House of Representatives or the House of Councilors feels fairly safe in ignoring his constituents once he is elected.

I am concerned at how easily the Japanese people have regained their self-confidence and even arrogance. The people, who meekly accepted General MacArthur's reference to Japan as a "fourth-rate country" immediately after the war, came to resent his allusion to Japan, "the infant nation," in his report to Congress last year. The people are already well on the way to regaining their old sense of superiority; the great accomplishments in the country's rehabilitation are constantly stressed, but too few Japanese pause and reflect upon the fact that such rehabilitation was only possible through American aid. The majority are beginning to think that Japan is such a superior country that the other countries cannot afford to lose Japan's good will.

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

HARDY—OLD POET

by John Crowe Ransom

SELF-TAUGHT, Thomas Hardy knew a good deal about English poetry when, in his fifties, he laid the fictions by and returned to his first love. He was an honest craftsman, attending meticulously to what we probably think of as the three dimensions of a poem. First the plot, or argument, a human representation struck off smartly, developed clearly and rounded off to a nicety. Then the meters, which this poet loved with a passion and managed with utmost ingenuity. And finally, the poetic language, the flowering habit of a thing that is alive, displaying its grace generally and coming into intermittent focus in special configurations of leaf or blossom. I am indicating such a careful sense of a complicated job as perhaps only the neophyte will want to hold to in a poetic creation. But it may be that he can afford to forget the several divisions of his labor only if and when they all will enter into the three-in-one of a single habitual and unconscious skill. There is often in Hardy's poems the visible quaint rightness of a workman going by good rules.

His metrical formations are clean and fresh. Oftener than not, he forms the handsome stanza patterns out of ordinary iambic or iambic-anapaestic lines. But there is something special in the way he can make stanzas out of variations upon the "folk line," which nowadays we call the dipodic line. Nothing else could have been so surely suited to certain of the country poems. And how to describe it? It goes back to the Anglo-Saxon meters; it persists against the romanic or syllabic meters which followed the Normans into England, it lingers in the rhythm of the oral ballads; then the dominant university fashions in the Renaissance just about swept it out of existence. But in the eighteenth century it comes back into print, in the recovered ballads, and in Mother Goose. Into print, and into vogue as a popular form for second-rate poets to adopt whole-heartedly, and first-rate poets sparingly, but more and more frequently as time goes on, right down into our own period. There are just two things to look for if we would hear the dipodic rhythm. The lines are symmetrical, and so are their fractions. The original folk-line had eight beats with a break in the middle; but by division arose the four-beater, with its own break in the middle; and if the stanza wants it there can be some playing—as often in Mother Goose—even with the two-beaters. At this point division ends, and hence the term dipodic, meaning that the line has two beats at least, and if longer has a number of beats of which two is the only prime factor. The other feature is perhaps the crucial one. Often a four-beat or eight-beat line will drop its last beat and look uneven; but so strong is the dipodic expectation that we allow for the missing beat by a full musical pause. Thus the folk rhythm has an extra musical quality, not in the syllabic or university poetry at all. Hardy would have known exactly how this rhythm was scored in the hymn-books from which as a boy he had sung by note. In 1867, when he was still trying to market his early verse, he wrote "Neutral Tones" in the rhythm, and here is the first stanza:

We stood by a pond that winter day,
And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;
They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

The stanza consists in three four-beaters followed by the climactic three-beater. Yet the poet is sufficiently versed in the university meters to know that not only must there not be more than two unstressed syllables between the beat-syllables, but that *fallen* may count as a single syllable, according to a usage established by the stately poets of the Renaissance. He is at pains also to put the comma exactly in the musical middle

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THE BURDEN OF RENEWAL

ART AND TECHNICS, by Lewis Mumford (Columbia University Press; $4.50).

THIS RELATIVELY short book might be considered as the philosophical conclusion to that detailed morphology of culture which began eighteen years ago with *Technics and Civilization* and was completed only last year with *The Condition of Man.* It is undoubtedly Mr. Mumford's maturest achievement—calm and assured, the product of great knowledge and of deep desire. In a series of six chapters (originally delivered as the Bampton Lectures at Columbia University in 1951), the author surveys the general features of our machine civilization, warning us of that general drift to a kingdom of shadows, a ghost world in which everyone lives a second-hand and derivative life, the inevitable product of "the rank fecundity of the machine, operating without any Malthusian checks except periodic financial depressions." It will be said that we have heard all this before—from Ruskin and Morris, from Tolstoy and Gandhi, from Giono and Juenger. What has Mumford to contribute to the argument that is new?

Perhaps nothing more than a new emphasis, but when a man is in such perfect control of the facts, it is his emphases that matter. There is, in the first place, a new emphasis on symbolic values—and here, perhaps, we can trace the influence of Susanne Langer's remarkable book, *Philosophy in a New Key.*

> Without the symbols of art, in all their many manifestations—painting and music, costume and architecture, poetry and sculpture—man would live culturally in a world of the deaf, the dumb, and the blind.

The aesthetic symbol throughout history has played a dynamic role "in revealing man's nature and further modifying it." Art has an evolutionary function—that is the fact that the materialistic theories of history ignored —the fact that "art stands as visible

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sign of an indwelling state of grace and harmony, of exquisite perception and heightened feeling, focused and intensified by the very form into which the artist translates his inner estate." Mr. Mumford might perhaps have made more of this biological function of art, for it is not merely a question of self-knowledge and self-realization, but of the development of collective states of consciousness, of the communicated awareness of the nature of reality. But Mr. Mumford is conscious of the opposite danger—that an overpreoccupation with symbolic forms causes men to lose their sense of reality (he quotes as examples the Greek cities of the fourth century BC and the Italian cities of the fifteenth century, but such generalizations are too sweeping; it was only certain castes within these cities whose "symbolic functions" were disorganized and deranged; but admittedly, "complete attachment to the symbol, complete withdrawal into an inner world, can be as fatal to man's development as complete externalism").

In this matter, as in most of the affairs of life, it is a question of balance. In spite of all that the machine has done to take the zest out of life (and some of Mr. Mumford's best writing in this volume is devoted to showing exactly how that has happened, in specific arts like printing and architecture) there can be no sense in abolishing it. Properly used it can contribute to the richness and fullness of life. But it must be re-adapted, controlled, put into the service of life-enhancing ideals. In other words, somehow or other, we must contrive to introduce the element of *choice* into the processes of mass production.

> The quantitative reproduction of art, through the advance of technics . . . has increased the need for qualitative understanding and qualitative choice. At the same time it has imposed upon us, in opposition to the duty to participate in mass consumption, the duty to control quantity: to erect rational measures and criteria of value, now that we are no longer disciplined by natural scarcity.

But Mr. Mumford is honest enough to recognize a logical problem in his

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A NEED FOR HUSBANDRY

ECONOMY IN NATIONAL GOVERNMENT, by Paul H. Douglas (University of Chicago Press; $3.75).

DEMOCRACY AND THE ECONOMIC CHALLENGE, by Robert M. MacIver (Knopf; $2.50).

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION years are not usually marked by high thinking and blunt speaking on political subjects. Readers, bored or annoyed with campaign effusions in profusion, can find relief and spiritual restoration in these two books on political economy.

Senator Douglas' volume constitutes a hard-hitting attack on wasteful expenditures and tax loopholes. With noteworthy diligence, consistency, and indifference to political consequences, the Senator from Illinois analyzes the items of Federal expenditure, pointing out unjustified subsidies, bureaucratic overstaffing, and unwarranted outlays. Similar detailed analyses for states and municipalities are badly needed.

As an economist, Senator Douglas fears the inflationary effects of a sizeable Federal deficit. With high level employment and Federal outlays equalling 25 percent of the national income, the economy can ill afford wasteful Federal expenditures. He would avoid a deficit in the cash budget by pruning out $7.6 billion of uneconomical costs and gaining $2.4 billion additional revenue without raising general tax rates.

Economy may be a cloak for protecting special interests but Senator Douglas indicates how it can be pursued without furthering reactionary purposes. Whereas the Senator would not curtail Federal outlays for general education, hospitals or defense housing, the National Association of Manufacturers, in its recent "Cut the Budget" pamphlet, proposes drastic reductions in those items; while he would eliminate the Postal deficit by making printed matter pay its full freight, the NAM proposes to overcome that deficit by charging more for first-class mail, which already provides a net surplus over cost.

Legislative attitudes toward Federal spending are subject to at least two sorts of apparent inconsistency. There are, for example, Congressmen who condemn Federal interference with State and local matters and yet strongly urge extension of Federal financing to items of purely local concern, such as "secondary" or feeder roads. Senator Douglas avoids that sort of duplicity.

Insistence on curtailment of the total volume of Federal expenditures during times of inflationary pressure is not incompatible with a demand for expansion of such expenditures in periods of slack employment. It is not inconsistent, but intelligent, to recognize that the economics of full employment is often almost the reverse of the principles that apply to periods of marked unemployment. The real trouble, as Senator Douglas suggests, is the lack of mental flexibility to adjust to changing conditions and the need for less rigid budget procedures.

Nor, to use one of Douglas' aphorisms, does a liberal need to be a wastrel. However, as he stresses, Congress is not equipped with the necessary staff to review carefully the thousand pages of tables and print in the Federal budget. Despite its bulk, the budget document lacks the sort of information needed for critical examination and appraisal—that Army specifications for dog toenail clippers run to 4 tightly packed pages, that supplies of certain jeep parts on hand are sufficient for over 100 years, or that the costs of irrigation projects per acre of land brought into cultivation often far exceed the selling price of the richest land in the country.

The authors of these two books both fear the loss of personal independence and real democracy unless political and economic power remain diffused. In his thin volume of reflective essays, Professor MacIver draws on a wide range of historical material and cautions that the expanding role of government in economic affairs weakens the centers of private initiative and freedom.

Although indicating the need for some balance or middle ground between full economic planning and marked decentralization, Professor MacIver offers little in the way of guidance or concrete suggestions. A crucial issue of our time is the conflict between central authority and democratic decision-making, between national wage policy and collective bargaining, between governmental power

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and economic freedom. It is a nice question whether the maintenance of political independence and grass-roots control may be furthered more by concrete programs for eliminating uneconomic public expenditures or by additional essays raising issues and reflecting on historic experience. RICHARD A. LESTER

A GREAT VICTORIAN VOICE

THE NOTE-BOOKS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD, edited by Lowry, Young, and Dunn (Oxford University Press; $10).

AT FIRST glance these 650 pages may have a forbidding look even to one who knows something of Arnold and admires his intelligence and integrity. What do we have here? Page after page of extracts—from the Bible, Homer, Plato, Dante, Goethe, George Sand, the *De Imitatione Christi,* et al, and, at the end, seventy-six pages which list the books Arnold hoped to read, year by year, from 1852 to 1888. How is all this unorganized information to be used, except by the specialist who is hunting sources? The editors have performed their difficult tasks admirably but telling us how to use their work was not one of them. This is the kind of book from which many other books will be made.

If the layman will be patient, bewilderment may give way to fascination. If he reads carefully he will find many revealing secrets of Arnold's inner life. Between the marching lines of the extracts there is a mind at work.

In keeping these commonplace books for thirty-seven years Arnold was practising what he preached in *Culture and Anarchy.* He was trying to get to know "the best which has been thought and said in the world"; and by using this knowledge to turn a stream of fresh and free thought upon stock notions and habits. As Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools he had little leisure for the life of the mind. He read when and where he could, much of the time on trains or in lonely hotel rooms. It is comforting to observe that he nearly always planned to read more than he could get through in the year, but he kept steadily at his task of trying to live, by his reading, "in good company, the best company." Toward the end of his life he observed in a family letter: "If I live to be eighty I shall probably be the only person left in England who reads anything but newspapers and scientific publications."

Many of the passages Arnold copied into his notebooks are related to such preoccupations of his thinking as the nature of the Greek spirit, the essence of Christianity, the conduct of life, the kind of education which enables a man to cope with the multitudinousness of the modern world. Some of these extracts one recognizes at once as having been used by Arnold in his own prose. But others were put down with no practical end in view, or, at least, were never transferred to an Arnoldian context. They served to reinforce or supplement what he already knew. Arnold was fond of aphorisms (touchstones in prose), as many of the extracts show.

Again, we are familiar with many of these because he impressed them upon us in turn—as for example, an entry on page 41: "Furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light. Swift." Certain aphorisms Arnold recopied in the *Notebooks*, year after year, as if they were to be his texts for living during the next twelve months. By what they say and by the fact of their reiteration we can often see directly into his resolve. They tell us, not so much what he was thinking as what he intended to make of himself. Two, in particular, are revealing because they recur in the early years and became linked in his mind, as they are on the page. The first is from the *Imitation of Christ*: "Semper aliquid certi proponendum est." The second is quoted from Goethe's *Maximen and Reflexionen*: "Es ist besser das geringste Ding von der Welt zu thun, als eine halbe Stunde für gering halten." Taken together these texts summarize Arnold's goal and his steady drive to reach it.

Most of the papers in which Arnold worked out his poetry and prose have disappeared. Thus the *Notebooks* will always be the best means scholars have for tracing his ideas to their origins. But the layman should find excitement in the oportunity they provide of going to this seed-bed to observe where a particular Arnoldian idea first sprouted. In any case he will enjoy the biographical hints, many of them intimate, some of them touching, and some amusing. Very human, for instance, are Arnold's efforts to discipline himself. In January, 1857, he made four resolutions to be observed "except Sundays and days in London." But at the end of the list (and no doubt written after he had failed to keep them) are the words: "règles mal observés." On February 2, 1862, more resolutions were set down, with the note, from his favorite *De Imitatione Christi*: "Conemur quantum possummus." In June, 1867, he is having to remind himself "not to sleep after dinner." In 1870, he is still trying to stay awake. Shadows cross these pages and darken the entries. When his sons Basil and Trevenen William died we can follow their father's anguish through what he put down in the *Notebooks*, from the Psalms, from Timothy, from the *Imitation of Christ*, that might give him comfort.

In their introduction the editors raise the question (one, they say, that has been long debated), whether Arnold was a learned man and whether the *Notebooks* give evidence that he was. The question is irrelevant. Arnold's learning was sufficient to make him one of the great Victorian voices which spoke with knowledge as well as eloquence and strength. Part of the trouble of our time is that we have no such voices. Our politicians do not refrain from speaking, but most of them are too ignorant or too bewildered to compel our attention. Our professors may know enough but they seldom raise their voices outside the classroom. The great thing about Arnold is that he put his knowledge and intelligence to work for the public good. When we place the entries in the *Notebooks* beside what he eventually made of them in tracts, essays and lectures, we can gauge the quality of his intelligence as well as his devotion to truth and to the England of his time. WILLARD THORP

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A FIRST FICTION

A LENGTH OF ROPE, by Monroe Engel (Random House; $3).

THE NOVEL HAS always had a generic habit of reaching out to the extremes of literary expression at either side of it, to history at one end, and to poetry at the other. Since the last war, this tendency has been heightened. We have had novels that enjoyed great public prominence because of their documentary interest, works like *The Naked and The Dead* and *From Here to Eternity*; and then, novels that enjoyed some prominence because of their stylistic pecularity or refinement. The first are apparently motivated by the spirit of social dissent, and while hardly moral, are at least moralistic. The second are motivated by a spirit of social indifference if not of social alienation, and are perhaps only amoral. Novels of the first kind have very small sense of responsibility to form; novels of the second kind have an overweening sense of the importance of "writing" as such. The fault of both is that neither thinks of writing as a tool in the service of a subject, or of subject in fiction as existing only in the form that it finds. So on the one hand we have these great lumps of yeasty dough, nine hundred pages long, and, on the other, these airy nothings that, while they have fancy titles, have no moral habitation and no serious fame.

For the novelist who knows that style exists to define meaning, that form exists to externalize vision, we have had still to turn to the older men like Cozzens, Warren, and Trilling in his single effort, and to some of the women of that generation like Miss Welty and Miss Porter. Now a young man has presented himself in a novel called *A Length of Rope* who may turn out to be the intermediary between the postwar extremes of the gray and the gaudy, and who may therefore turn out to be fit to join the company of these older writers.

Monroe Engel's book is only a beginning, of course, but it appears to me to have a number of qualities that, in a first novel, are rare indeed. One of these is the complete command of the medium, so that when one opens this book to the first page, one knows at once that one is in the presence of stylistic authority. Another is that Mr. Engel has the ability to take hold of a subject that has no autobiographical roots, and to imagine it with fullness and vigor. A third is that he is capable of handling a theme of the utmost seriousness without ever faltering under the load of it. These qualities together give the novel its chief characteristic, its poise.

The novel is built up on a counteraction, the growth of love versus the growth of violence, and its resolution comes when violence breaks over love in a double destruction. In the characters of Shiela Braun, a nurse in a mental hospital, and Alexander Forward, an orderly in the same institution, Engel embodies these impulses. Sheila, who has searched aimlessly through work and sex for love, and Alec, who has left his settled, wealthy life in search for disorder and destruction, see in a third character, Ratcliff Pippin, and in a fourth, his idiot son, Edgar, the objects through whom they can find the fulfillment that they cannot find in one another. Sheila's triumph is complete but brief; Forward's is complete, final, and catastrophic. For Sheila, the idiot, with whom she can communicate in an area outside reason as it is beyond speech, causes a flowering. For Alec, the idiot represents his rationalization of the world's disgrace and causes a murder and a suicide.

In such an abstraction of pattern as this, one shows perhaps the dramatic diagram of a theme but certainly not its dramatic realization nor its richness. If *A Length of Rope* did not also have these, one could not seriously make for Monroe Engel the claim that I wish to make: that he is a new novelist of importance, and that his novel is of particular interest because, tempted by neither of the extremes that are potential in its subject (the sociology of madhouses or the pursuit of a disengaged sensibility), it stands firmly in that middle area from which the finest fiction comes. This is the crossroad of sensibility and social history, the point at which the two roads make one square, where each disappears into the other. Monroe Engel has found his place.

MARK SCHORER

FROM ANOTHER PRESIDENT

THE MEMOIRS OF HERBERT HOOVER, 1920-1933 (Macmillan; $5).

THE PUBLIC IMAGE of a President rarely resembles the reality of the man. By the publication of his *Memoirs*, Mr. Hoover, it may be supposed, hopes to remove from his reputation the pall cast by Democratic campaign hyperbole. In the accompanying acclaim by sympathetic reviewers of Mr. Hoover as an exponent of sound Republicanism, another false image seems to be in process of progagation. The real and luckless Hoover may be squeezed out between the competing stereotypes of friend and enemy.

The present volume relates the story of Mr. Hoover's service as Secretary of Commerce and as President, save that he reserves the events of the Great Depression for subsequent treatment. In arraying his materials Mr. Hoover describes, one by one, the major governmental activities that concerned him as Secretary of Commerce, and these extended considerably beyond the routine functions of that Department. Then there follows a similar series of accounts of governmental functions that commanded his attention as President. The literary result amounts to something reminiscent of a compression of a vast number of government reports, yet a picture of Hoover's political doctrines emerges.

That picture is one of a man whose objectives diverged markedly from those of the Standpatters of his party yet it is also one of a man whose doctrine of the means for achieving his objectives perhaps made him easy prey for the Standpatters. His objectives put him far more often than not in the American liberal tradition. He, for example, urged the prohibition of child labor. In 1922 he attempted to demonstrate to the steel industry that the twelve-hour day and the eighty-four hour week were not only barbaric but uneconomic. He emphasized the significance of competition in the American economic order. The price of liberty is "not only a matter of eternal vigilance, but of a good Attorney General." He devoted faithful effort to the promotion of programs of child welfare and child health. He con-

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cerned himself with the housing problem. He pushed the development of water resources and, as Secretary of Commerce, chafed under the restraints on such undertakings by Coolidge's budgetary policy.

In his endeavors on these and many other matters Mr. Hoover made enemies along the way, enemies in whom he evidently takes some pride. In developing mechanisms for handling railroad labor relations, for example, he met opposition from those railway presidents dominated by New York bankers, some of whom "were not bankers at all. . . . Their social instinct belonged to an early Egyptian period." He concludes: "The older Republican elements of the party in Congress never forgave my elevation to the Presidency. . . ."

It may be that almost any man in the Presidency will make the same kinds of enemies. The more diligently he attempts to fulfill the national expectations of the President, the more certain he is to make those enemies. Moreover, freedom of choice in presidential politics is so restricted by the standards of public expectation and by the shape of enduring problems that perhaps succeeding Presidents must express similar policy aspirations. Since the abiding problems remain so much the same, perhaps Presidents must also define similarly their range of concern. At any rate perusal of these pages by those acquainted with the details of governmental action only since 1933 will reveal much familiar terrain. Mr. Hoover worried himself about old age insurance, unemployment insurance, productivity of the national economy, stock exchanges, public health, oil conservation, merchant marine policy, river basin development, labor relations, and about every other domestic matter that plagued his successors.

On all these questions Mr. Hoover's instincts led him to espouse objectives by no means fundamentally different from those of his critics. He parted company with them on the question of means. And perhaps therein rested his crucial error. Mr. Hoover manifested an almost obsessive fear of the exercise of governmental authority. In restricted spheres he was willing to act, but he preferred governmental leadership, stimulation, facilitation. Nor can it be denied that on many matters the method brought results. Yet characteristic is his remark, in explaining his support of farmers' cooperatives, that according to his "social theories any organization by citizens for their own welfare is preferable to the same action by the government." Again: "In desperation at my failure to persuade the stock exchanges to undertake the reform of their own members, I secured a Senate investigation of the whole matter." Some of the abuses of radio, he says, "could be cured by the industry itself." The danger is that "some day the public will revolt against all these misuses of radio and put programs into the hands of a government agency." On many other questions Mr. Hoover reiterates the same stand. His impressive consistency of position on the means of action may be wrong-headed. Yet his position may be quite as tenable as the contrary view that governmental action is invariably the preferable means for the achievement of national objective.

V. O. KEY, JR.

A PLACE BY ANY NAME

THE COLUMBIA LIPPINCOTT GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD (Columbia University Press; $50).

GAZETTEER is an odd word. It stems from *gazette*, which in turn derives either from the name of a Venetian coin of small value (the price of the gazette) or perhaps—the Oxford English Dictionary is unable to decide—from the diminutive of *gazza*, a magpie. A gazetteer is defined as a journalist or a geographic dictionary. The link between the two meanings, apparently, is that gazetteers (dictionaries) were first provided for the use of gazetteers (journalists), indicating that at one time journalists had a thirst for exact information. This was long ago. In 1704 appeared Part II of L. Echard's "The Gazetteer's; or, Newsman's Interpreter: Being A Geographical Index," in which the work itself is referred to as 'the Gazetteer.'

Modern gazetteers (dictionaries) are of several kinds. The index to an atlas of maps listing and locating the entries on each map; the simple compilations of place names (usually accompanied by latitude and longitude coordinates) published by national geographical boards and commissions or by postal authorities; the handbooks of geographical features prepared by the US Central Intelligence Agency—classified as restricted data of course: these are among one of the major classes of gazetteers. For all round purposes, however, the gazetteer that describes as well as indexes cities, towns, villages, mountains, rivers, lakes and the like is by far the more useful work. I was brought up (geographically, that is) on an outrageously fat little book, as unwieldly as it was invaluable, the famous Lippincott Gazetteer. Lippincott's was a wonderful tome; one could dally in it for hours on end. Its more than 2,500 two-column pages were packed not only with geographic but also with social, economic, architectural, aesthetic, demographic, political, geological, meterological and almost every other sort of information about the places of the world. It was written in a genial, Edwardian style, intended to answer the questions of a more relaxed and leisurely generation. It was a dependable guide and a comprehensive one, no less useful to the scholar than to the happy Milwaukee couple intending a journey abroad to take the waters at the mountain resort of Alt-Schmecks (later Tatrafured, and most recently, Stary-Smokovec.)

Times change and geography changes with them. Lippincott's, now somewhat out of date—the last edition was 1905 although small changes were included in later printings up to 1920—has been superseded; fortunately, by a worthy successor. The Columbia Lippincott is an imposing edifice of cooperative scholarship. More than 150 persons worked for five years on the new gazetteer whose 2,148 pages carry a clearly-printed three-column freight of five-and-a-half million words; 130,000 articles and 30,000 cross-reference 'listings'. It is a strongly made volume, uniform in format with the Columbia Encyclopedia, thumb indexed and generally designed for hard, frequent use.

The Columbia Lippincott is much in-

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debted to the old Lippincott; the CL has, however, been entirely rewritten incorporating the latest advances in geographical knowledge. Having consulted it for several weeks and thumbed through it for desultory reading, I report my unqualified admiration for its comprehensiveness and erudition. It is a reference book to be relied upon for decision, a work fit for research duty, the highest praise I can give. This is not to say that I shall not miss its predecessor, whose pleasant byroads and diversions have been sacrificed to a devastatingly crisp efficiency. The Lippincott exhibited no less than eight place names spelled "Aa" of which six have been discarded in the CL; Rattle Run, Michigan, which once had gazetteer status has now been brushed aside (Has it perhaps been abandoned?); Nagasaki, fully described in the deposed L as a great city whose "chief public edifices are the palaces of the governors and other grandees, arsenal, several theatres, and many temples enclosed by gardens which, with numerous tea houses, form the favorite public resort of the population" is here merely noted for its shipbuilding, its exports of coal, yarn, dried fish, cement and rice, and, as a target for the second atom bomb; the L of 1905 remembers and imparts the excitement of the Klondike, but the CL dismisses the gold rush brusquely. The difference in approach is perhaps epitomized in the treatment of that always fascinating theme, the weather of New York City:

> New York [says the L as if it had plenty of time and enjoyed the subject] has on the whole a healthful climate. The summer heat, however, is often well nigh intolerable, especially when the atmosphere is surcharged with moisture, and the proximity to the sea, while it moderates the intensity of the winter cold, renders it also less endurable.

"New York's climate" [says the CL, fortified by air conditioning and deriving its facts, with deadly accuracy, from punch cards] although temperate is known for its generally high humidity."

I salute two notable books. My heartfelt tribute and a sentimental tear for the veteran, and my very good wishes to the newcomer. JAMES R. NEWMAN

THE JUGGLING ACT

DOTING, by Henry Green (Viking; $3).

HENRY GREEN (the nom de plume of a British tradesman) has had a long-standing subterranean reputation in the United States which came to the surface with the publication of *Loving* a few years back. As a result, the Viking Press has been regularly republishing his early novels, a few of which had appeared here, with little attention, in the depths of the depression. They are a curious group of books—as curious as their titles: *Party Going*, *Caught*, *Concluding*, *Back*, *Nothing*, *Loving*. Now with the equally elliptic *Doting* his publishers have brought him up to date.

With its predecessors *Doting* is a novel of English upper-class life in which sharp dialogue and a strange, semi-poetic narrative combine to produce what such of my betters as W. H. Auden, Christopher Isherwood and V. S. Pritchett regard in the words of the latter, as "very important."

In this dissenting report I will submit that *Doting* will pass a pleasant evening if you're not equipped with television, but in spite of some subsurface ripplings of above average sensibility and nonsensibility, there isn't much more here than a highly literate explication of what a pack of fools we all are. As with most of his other books, Green makes cute use of a badly trite situation which has been shunned by most serious writers since the days of Sardou, Pinero and Jones. It is essentially a bedroom comedy involving a married couple, a widower friend, and two conniving teen-age girls, mixed up in situations that any self-respecting pre-Shavian dramatist would have thrown away. The employment of such a tired device is of course part of Green's stock in trade, for with consideration of the plot out of the way, he is able to proceed to his real business, of letting his characters damn themselves with their own words, and tidying up the edges with such observations as the final sentence: "The next day they all went on very much the same."

This flatness, this dry comment on the human condition, verges technically toward archness and morally toward a lack of any values. Reading over his novels, this comes clear, paradoxically, in *Loving*, where, for once, one feels his sense of sympathy with a normally passionate woman whose impulses are helpless before a world and war she never made.

Green's verbal felicity also is in danger of encroaching constantly on the merely coy. *Loving*, for example, starts "Once upon a day . . ." and ends ". . . they were married and lived happily ever after." But passages in *Doting*, especially the one in which Green describes a juggling act, are in superbly descriptive prose; and their fanciness needs no forgiveness.

With this frequently exhibited control of possibly the most difficult of artistic media, the declarative sentence, and his impeccable ear, it will be a shame if Green continues to devote these attributes primarily to an overly mannered observation of the narrowest corridors of existence. It may not be his metier to tackle head on the prevailing moral problems of his day, as does, for example, Graham Greene. There is, in his work, however, a latent warmth toward lesser human considerations, and certainly perceptiveness toward them, which freed of the unnatural disciplines he feels compelled to impose, could complement his exceptional skill to produce really important novels.

Contemporary British fiction seems to be taking two diametrically opposed roads. One is religious, and frequently political, and, except when in the hands of natural born writers such as the aforementioned Graham Greene and the late George Orwell, is often soggy and tiresome. The other, stemming from Jane Austen, and in a time similar to hers, turns its back on wars and its alarums to write of trivia with grace and skill. Ivy Compton-Burnett exemplifies this tendency on its highest level, Nancy Mitford works on the lower reaches, and Henry Green fits somewhere in the middle.

Unless Green—already a superior entertainer—and God knows, these days, that is probably enough to ask for—should change his direction somewhat, he seems destined to go on record as a literary juggler. GEORGE MAYBERRY

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THE NEW ACADEMY

FORMS AND FUNCTIONS OF TWENTIETH CENTURY ARCHITECTURE, edited by Talbot Hamlin, 4 volumes (Columbia University Press; $75).

A CIVILIZATION has reached a high plateau in its culture when its architecture achieves an original and distinguished style; and it is at this stage that the critics and philosophers of the age should see the architecture as a whole and engage in an objective criticism of it. Such is the hope of this truly monumental compendium of drawings, plans and photographs of architecture from all ages, of engineering data, of historical and academic essays, and critical essays in the aesthetics of architecture.

In four volumes, The Elements of Building, The Principles of Composition, and Building Types are essayed in 51 chapters, with 3,745 illustrations, to which 51 architects have contributed. The chapters which are most successful —and of most value to the layman— are "Rooms for Private Use," "Service Areas," "Site in Relation to the Building," "Elements of the Modern Interior," "Dams," "The Individual House" by George Nelson (very good), "The Apartment House" by Richard Abel (fine), "Mass Construction," one on day schools, one on shopping centers, "Bridge and Highway Architecture" by Aymar Embury (very good), and "The Modern City" by Lewis Mumford, which is excellent. The quality of the chapters on the elements of building and the sections on the types of building is uniformly good, though the historical and hence academic emphasis of these sections overburdens the philosophic and theoretic. Here the newest technological methods parade with the latest materials; but new architecture [Mr. Mumford says the modern city] "cannot be created by mechanical improvements."

In my opinion the section on the principles of composition, especially the ten chapters on architectural aesthetics— chapters crucial to an exposition of the birth and the theory of our architecture and its relation to, as well as its use of the past — these historically accurate academic chapters fail to herald the spirit or the aesthetic of the International Style. Mr. Hamlin is an admirable historian of theory; but he is not a true philosopher of theory and he does not demonstrate how the use of the past informed the present in the way Mr. Mumford has done. Or in the way Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, or Le Corbusier have done. Surely one would expect in a work, the scope of which is so encyclopedic, to read the theory of these three architects. To be sure, their work is widely illustrated in the four volumes as is that among others of Aalto, Gropius, Albert Kahn, Maillart, Mendelsohn, Neutra, Mies van der Rohe, Lescaze and Nelson. But of all these who have created the International Style only the last two have written in this book.

Thus the volume devoted to the Principles of Composition despite its excellent selections of plans, details and photographs (from this century and from all the past) is not upheld philosophically by the theory of architecture or by the aesthetic. This is a major weakness. In fact, an analysis of a building by Wright, or Mies van der Rohe or Le Corbusier is unconsciously contradicted by the theory or analysis espoused a few paragraphs later, particularly in the chapters on "Arches," "Vaults," and "Ornaments." This contradiction occurs when the historical approach is used at the point philosophic theory is needed.

This work is not supposed to be "a museum of modern architecture"; it does nevertheless attempt to be a "theory book:" in its discussion of the use and theory of new materials and new methods of construction it is more valid than it is in the analysis of the way architecture of the past can be integrated into the new architecture. Mr. Nelson, Mr. Embury and Mr. Lescaze in their chapters, and Mr. Mumford in his, achieve this integration of contemporary theory with an understanding of the use of the past, which I claim Mr. Hamlin has not, in his creation of the New Academy.

In addition there is no adequate delineation of the birth of "modern aesthetic." The influence of John Ruskin and William Morris, of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and of H. H. Richardson and Bernard Maybeck on architects must be considered; while in America, where the spirit was revolutionary and there was no return to the Gothic golden age of European Art, the writings of Louis Sullivan and of Frank Lloyd Wright—perhaps as influential as their practice of architecture—led Americans to the older civilizations of the Orient, by way of Thoreau, Whitman and Emerson and the other New England Transcendentalists. And the word transcendental is of real importance too, for the twentieth century Europeans returning to a consideration of values in the Gothic Age were searching for the *transcendental* in architecture.

Being the greatest of the social arts, architecture at one and the same time gives a public and a private experience— each man must "live in the life of the building"—and there is a third experience in which a community, or perhaps a whole nation, lives in its architecture. Now when the International Style is not only accepted but required by the public, on the excellence of the people's standards depends the excellence of their architecture.

The major issue has come full circle; it has dual aspects of Taste and Value, which still lie at the center of any theory of architecture in any time. In the past, say in the Sung period, there was a standard of taste for man—caligraphy, which was the medium used to express painting, to decorate pottery, to make poetry or philosophy, and to delineate architecture. And the excellence of the caligraphy was precisely the measure of taste by which the poem, the painting, or the temple was judged. A central set of values informed the spirit of their work—the Buddhist philosophy. The Gothic Age had no central caligraphy as their standard of taste; but instead of measuring the excellence of the brush stroke, the Gothic artists and artisans valued anonymity and the quality of the execution of a work; and there was scholasticism as the center of value. What the central measure of taste and what the central code of values are to become in twentieth century architecture, there is no possible way for us to know.

ROBERT RICHMAN

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ROME AND A SENSIBILITY

ROME AND A VILLA, by Eleanor Clark (Doubleday; $3.50).

ROME is difficult to "locate." When I was there I told an Italian I thought the people gay, but he assured me that I was wrong: they were merely used to their misery. I saw many evidences of religious feeling, but everyone spoke of the city's cynicism. ("Faith is made here, and believed elsewhere.") The architecture was as imposing as repute had it, but the streets teemed with shabby vitality, as if all the familiar virtues and vices of the poor folk were concentrated here in naked and endearing shamelessness. I could not name a total impression.

Now that I have read Eleanor Clark's fascinating and curiously disturbing book—an uneven but dense collection of descriptive notes, random reflections, long reveries, imaginative reportage and historical allusion—I realize that the confusion of my experience with Rome, the layer upon contradictory layer of fact and meaning somehow composes Rome's mysterious unity. If Eleanor Clark's book does not fall conveniently into an easily identifiable pattern it is perhaps because a more conventionally modelled book would belie the nature of what she found in Rome.

The book is a reflection of Rome in the mirror of a complex sensibility. If one is not entirely certain whether the slight uneasiness or emotionally turbid feeling one is left with in the end is due to the city itself or to the ambiguity of the author's personality, one suspects that this very peculiarity may be the mark of the book's success. On the other hand, one is sure that Eleanor Clark is a *writer*—a writer whose development one will want to follow.

As this writer ruminates on Rome, "the blasphemous town," where there is relatively little intellectual stimulation—"just life and architecture"—and one's mind is "threatened like a lump of sugar in a cup of tea," one becomes subtly aware of a frightening phenomenon. The book is replete with concrete detail—fountains and urinals, nuns and prostitutes, cats and politics, myriad fragments of the bustling, aromatic, noisy proliferation of metropolitan daily life—yet all of it seems strangely transformed into a kind of nebulous nothingness. A terrible silence surrounds the thickly figured area of description.

There is an oblique explanation of this in the book: "there could be no tragedy . . . where life at every instant is a meeting-point of all time past and future." Rome is at once the past—Latin and Christian, Renaissance and nineteenth century—the present, with its warm chaos of warring impulses, and the future about which nothing is certain except that it will confirm the permanence of the perennial and fundamental elements. Rome in this book is seen as an unintelligible but real ebullience within the grandiose and stubborn forms of man's (somehow less real) making. Rome here is a kind of stasis in a world of apparent flow. It is eternal because it represents a stoppage. In its changelessness it becomes a kind of nowhere — since to ordinary experience nothing is changeless.

Nothing is changeless except in the orbit of extreme subjectivity. Eleanor Clark writes with a certain steady solidity and factualness. (Her writing, in fact, suggests that she would be a first-rate art critic—just as the last chapter on the Roman poet Belli proves that she already excels in literary criticism.) Despite this her touch leads one to believe that she is on the verge of a morbid retreat into herself. All that she sees so sharply seems in the final count to be present only as something for her soul to dwell upon. Is the book then only an exercise in sensibility? Does everything she evokes exist only to fulfill the needs of her style? Her poetic object-laden prose which suavely conveys so much of the outer world appears in a most illusive way to turn all its material imperceptibly back to the writer's self and makes it disappear there. Reality vanishes miraculously, for the soul into which it has been absorbed remains in a state of abeyance—cut off and numb with lucid pain. So much brains, observation, knowledge, skill—yet we close the book with an almost anguished sense that it has added up to a kind of blank, a suspension of judgment, an inanition of the will, a terrible spiritual uncertainty, not to say, void. Is all this typical or symbolic of the contemporary sensibility — even among the best of us?

HAROLD CLURMAN

A POLITICAL NECESSITY

A TWO-PARTY SOUTH, by Alexander Heard (University of North Carolina Press; $4.75).

POLITICAL scientists are generally agreed that the American two-party system cannot be made much more responsible until the South is integrated into it. Some liberal observers have even approved the Dixiecrat movement on the ground that it represents a break with the established one-party structure in the South and therefore opens the way for realignment. But Alexander Heard, in this thoughtful book, contends that "in the long run Southern Conservatives will find neither in a separatist group nor in the Democratic Party an adequate vehicle of political expression." It follows, he argues, that "for those with the courage to face it, the hope of the South for real party politics rests in the Republican Party."

Heard is optimistic that a two-party South can soon be achieved. Since 1940 the Republican vote has risen proportionately more in the South than in any other region of the country, and the National GOP is therefore taking new interest in the section. Meanwhile the National Democratic Party has been growing less inclined to cater to Southern prejudices, as it has awakened to the fact that the Democrats would have won every Presidential election from 1932-1944 without a single Southern electoral vote, and that they could have done so even in 1948 with only a 5-percent increase in the popular Democratic vote in other parts of the country.

At the same time major legal, social and economic changes, necessary to the operation of a two-party system, were taking place in the South itself. "The modern mold of Southern Negro politics was cast between 1944 and 1948"—when the Supreme Court forced the opening of Democratic primaries to Negroes, Heard points out. Negroes "were drawn to the Democratic Presidential standard by the policies of Roose-

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velt and Truman," and "entered the Democratic primaries to have a voice in local and state government" so that Negro voters are no longer wed to a single party, as they once were to the Republican in the South. Industrialization and unionization are creating a sizeable "urban middle-class . . . susceptible to the blandishments of both a liberal and a conservative party . . . [giving] the Republican Party a potential source of votes. . . . "

These influences are encouraging the growth of a second party. But the "shackles of the minority," the social and legal handicaps devised in years of Democratic dominance, are still effectively retarding that growth. One Democratic state committee secretary said he would like to vote Republican, but if he once did, he might as well "turn in his papers" and abandon any hope for a successful law practice. "When a small-town Georgia Ford dealer has the temerity to favor a Republican Presidential candidate, he loses '17 trade-in customers' to the Chevrolet dealer across the Square."

The powers to gerrymander, to apportion seats in the state legislatures, to make election laws and to control election officials which rest with the ruling Democrats create legal obstacles to Republican growth even more serious than the social blocks, Heard acknowledges. But the author believes that these structures may be swept away or weakened as new forces make themselves felt. "Developments in the economic and social organization of the South point to an ultimate strengthening of the liberal factions of the Democratic Party." "Barring a threat to the national security," Heard predicts, "most Southern Negroes would continue to vote Democratic as long as that party remained generally more liberal than its rival, and as long as the Democratic Party did not become marked as an anti-Negro party." "Successes in organizing Southern laborers and stimulating them to political action" could be decisive in shaking the hold of conservative politicians, and clearing the way so that in the future "such groups, joined by lower-income groups generally, including Negroes, could form the anchor of a cohesive liberal faction of the Democratic Party in every Southern state." Mr. Heard wisely adds:

> These speculations [about the future] hold only if it proves increasingly difficult to divide the expected adherents of liberal factions by appeals to race prejudice. Otherwise the Populist experience would be repeated. . . . The prognosis rests on the conviction . . . that the relative decline in the Southern Negro population and the increased education of all Southerners will continue to moderate ancient prejudices.

If in July the Democrats should adopt a strongly liberal platform, repellent to Southern conservatives, and the GOP convention should nominate an easy-to-take Republican like General Eisenhower for President, they would greatly facilitate the testing of Mr. Heard's thesis.

HELEN FULLER

EARLY WILSON ESSAY

LEADERS OF MEN, by Woodrow Wilson, edited by T. H. Vail Motter (Princeton University Press; $2).

WILSON delivered this lecture, paper, essay, or what you will, for the first time at the University of Tennessee in 1890, and for the last time at a private school in Connecticut in 1898. He never included it in any collection of his published writings, and Mr. Vail Motter wonders why, because it is a beautiful piece of work. He is inclined to think it was suppressed because it reveals too much of the scholar's consuming desire to be a man of action.

But it seems to me that there is a more plausible explanation. Wilson outgrew this thing. Its substance, indeed, he continued to believe, but its form became outmoded as he attained stature. In form it is intellectual colonialism of the rankest. The examples he chose to illustrate what he had to say about leadership are almost all nineteenth century British statesmen, and almost all forgotten. Gladstone lingers palely in the background of our memories, and Cobden and Bright are names, at least. But Harcourt and Hartington and W. H. Smith—who were they?

The fact is that in his younger days Wilson's admiration of the British parliamentary system amounted to an obsession. He had reached full maturity before he realized the impossibility of instituting cabinet government here, and the undesirability of converting the House of Representatives into a House of Commons. But he did realize it eventually; and then, looking back on *Leaders of Men,* he perceived that while the theory was sound enough, the application was not consistent with the realities of American politics. So he recast the material in forms better adapted to the conditions of life in this country.

However, the essay is full of interest for the psychologist, if not for the historian. Wilson was certainly one of the most important of our political philosophers; he is usually remembered as the internationalist, but his doctrine of the President as party leader has affected the country more profoundly, perhaps, than his internationalism. Hence any documentary evidence of the way in which his thought developed has a special significance over and above the weight of the argument itself.

Wilson's low estimate of Castlereagh, for example, is evidence of how the most powerful intelligence is affected by the contemporary intellectual climate. Byron's unprintable epitaph is more brutal, but hardly more contemptuous than Wilson's estimate of a statesman of very considerable merit. His airy dismissal of Voltaire as a leader, too, is conclusive proof that as late as 1890 Woodrow Wilson was still a Presbyterian first and a philosopher afterward. His assertion that Thomas Carlyle was "the voice of his own age, not a prophet of the next," is a reflection of Victorian complacency; for of all the Victorians, Carlyle, the thinker fascinated by brute force, was by far the truest herald of the brutal twentieth century.

None of this has, of course, any bearing on the dimensions of Woodrow Wilson grown to his full size, but for all that it contributes to a clearer understanding of the man. He did not spring, Minerva-like, full-armed from the brow of Jove, but attained understanding by slow degrees—even as you and I. It is therefore a document of more importance than its length or its actual content would indicate.

GERALD JOHNSON

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THE INVISIBLE WORLD

RAINER MARIA RILKE: HIS LIFE AND WORK, by F. W. van Heerikhuizen, translated by Fernand Renier and Anne Cliff (Philosophical Library; $6).

RAINER MARIA RILKE: HIS LAST FRIENDSHIP, edited by Marcel Raval (Philosophical Library; $2.75).

THE LIFE OF THE VIRGIN MARY, by Rainer Maria Rilke, translated by Stephen Spender, Philosophical Library; $2.75).

A READER of Rilke's life and work is struck again and again by the fundamental similarities between W. B. Yeats and Rilke. Both had the same interest in, and sceptical reserve for, the occult sciences; both had an intense aversion for yet preoccupation with Christianity; both had a feeling for aristocratic tradition and ceremony; both were symbolists; both fought the admittance of "intellect" or "abstraction" as their work developed from an early lush and romantic style to one of objective realism surcharged with personal feeling; both broke through suffering to an exaltation of joy that embraced and did not reject pain: Rilke in the final *Elegies* and *Sonnets to Orpheus*, and Yeats in the ecstasy of his later poetry. Yeats could have written (but Rilke did): "For somewhere, there's an old hostility/ between our human life and a great work;" and Rilke could have written (but Yeats did): "The intellect of man is forced to choose/ Perfection of the life, or of the work." But most fundamentally of all Rilke and Yeats are both supreme examples of the artist who dedicates himself wholly to his life and work, as a priest to his vision. For both of them nothing ultimately mattered but the search for reality and the transformation of it, by Yeats, into the "artifice of eternity" and by Rilke into spirituality, for, as he wrote in the *Seventh Elegy*, "Nowhere, beloved, can world exist but within./ Life passes in transformation. And ever diminishing/ Vanishes what's outside." Finally, Rilke earned the right to declare with bold truth that "the earth has no other refuge except to become invisible."

But Rilke earned this right only through long trial and suffering. It is perhaps a common misconception to believe that the poet, the critic, or the philosopher are among those who best understand reality. On the contrary, the exasperation of their lives and the whole fortress of their works is proof of their long seige against that impenetrable surface of life where they can find no breach by which to enter, but on which they watch the naive and bold walk in what Wallace Stevens has described as a "radiant and productive atmosphere." And if the naive and bold give homage to the poet, it is as if a bird, ignorant of his own flying, should marvel at the flight of man. Yet it is the poet's recompense and his deliberate though agonized hope to break through into those rare stratospheres where no natural bird has ever flown, and where the world turns invisible. It was the tragedy of Rilke's early youth, and that of his early poetry, that he could not advance beyond what the eye saw, except at exceptional moments when intuition suddenly made all clear. He would cry out in anguish: "Nothing around me is real!" A great rage arose within him between allegiance to intellect or to feeling, until there began to appear in his work, as in his life, that great split between meaning and music, image and idea, theme and tone wherein the discords of modern harmonics begin to be heard. *New Poems*, in hardness of tone and dislocation of imagery, bears the same relation to Rilke's development that *Responsibilities* bears to that of Yeats. Rilke plunged from feeling and intuition into experience and objectivity and back again, in an extremity of artistic tension which forced him to make choices peculiar to himself alone. He gave up a last illusion: that zealous dedication to the problems of art might bring liberation from the problems of life. Love was his profoundest happiness, yet his deadliest menace. He finally relinquished his early concept of wedlock as that state where one is, without obligation, the guardian of the other's loneliness, and retreated into absolute solitude and into the contemplation of an intense love unattached to any object. The fury of passions dependent on love unfulfilled, he now declared, was the utmost fulfillment of life, possible

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only to heroes, saints, and to women.

Then after years of utter silence during the First World War, suddenly in a castle in Switzerland during a period of about sixteen days in February of 1922, in a burst of inspiration unique in the history of literature, he wrote all of the *Sonnets to Orpheus* and most of the *Elegies*, both of which have taken their place among the permanent glories of modern literature. The submission of his will to intuitive inspiration was complete and dazzling, but to an intuition deepened and sharpened by years of furious battle with the will and intellect, fed by frustration and loneliness, by dedication, by pride and by humility. On the ninth of February he wrote: "I had not known that *such* a storm could overwhelm one from heart and mind! That one should survive it!" And on the eleventh: "I have endured it, endured it all. All. And that was all that was needed. *Only* that." I do not know of a statement in all of literature that another poet may not more envy with awe and desire. Now rose the great lamentation on the pettiness and insufficiency of life, on the transitory and important self, on the dark powers of blood and heredity, on the acrobatic unreality of art. And through and beyond lamentation rose a paen of inexhaustible joy, of reality transformed to spirit, of death as the final and great metamorphosis into rebirth. Within Rilke's "radiant and productive atmosphere" now move his children of innocence, his heroes of undivided action, his lovers of final fulfillment, and his angels of credible imagination.

Professor van Heerikhuizen's book must take its place as the supplement and parallel to Professor E. M. Butler's fine work, and as a corrective to Nora Wydenbruck's many misinterpretations. Although at times repetitious, abstract, and a bit heavy-handed, it is, on the whole, the best full study of Rilke's inner conflicts and resolutions. The small book edited by Marcel Raval tells of Rilke's friendship during the last year of his life with an extremely beautiful and exotic Egyptian lady, Nimet Eloui Bey. From the ten very brief and hitherto unpublished notes which Rilke addressed to her, we understand in what esteem he held her extraordinary beauty and sensitivity. Unfortunately, most of the booklet is taken up by a sentimental portrait of the lady by Edmond Jaloux which all but blurs the clear picture we obtain from Rilke's few comments. Because Stephen Spender has so well translated the *Duino Elegies* with J. B. Leishmann, it is difficult to understand why he should expend his considerable talents on some of the least successful, if not dull, of Rilke's poems, *The Life of the Virgin Mary*. Beautiful as his translation is, Mr. Spender betrays a basic weakness among some of the younger poets by confessing that although Rilke's meter is very regular he cannot make an attempt to depart fully from his own looseness of line. There is no reason why a poet, master of his own idiom, should not also be able to reproduce at will the standard metrics common to his profession. Mr. Spender's poetry, as well as that of many of his younger contemporaries, may well improve under such discipline.

KIMON FRIAR

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WRITERS OF THE ROOD

MARIA CROSS, by Donat O'Donnell (Oxford University Press; $5).

THE SUBJECT approached by Donat O'Donnell in *Maria Cross* is a formidable one. The area has been in a sense roped-off, and although voices confident in disagreement have been heard from the clustering spectators, almost no one has ventured in to have a go at dismantling the large, foreign, ticking, fuming, distinctly dangerous-looking thing. Some of its parts seem recognizable to various expert onlookers, but as a whole it is something strange, and not enough is really known of the way the parts work on each other. Mr. O'Donnell has set about the dismantling with assurance, but with delicacy, always aware that his subject may blow up in his face.

In considering the work of eight writers who are Catholics, Mr. O'Donnell has attempted in each case to trace the central imaginative pattern of the work, as a provisional indication of the central emotional pattern of the writer. As he points out, "The relation this [imaginative] pattern bears to Catholicism is inevitably complex and variable; a concept may be ostensibly wholly Christian and yet reveal itself, on closer inspection, to be a technical term, the key to the whole pattern and containing much that is at least non-Christian—for example, Peguy's 'hope' or the 'pity' of Graham Greene."

The first eight essays, an examination of Mauriac, Bloy, Claudel, Bernanos, Peguy, O'Faolain, Greene and Waugh, are excellent critical researches, conducted with perception and fine intelligence, into the work of these men. It is in these that the critic is most illuminat-

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ing. The eight appear to differ enormously, but Mr. O'Donnell believes that the differences may be superficial and proposes in his final unifying analysis that they are "members of the same family in more than a religious sense." The only obvious link is the fact of their Catholicism—that theirs are imaginations permeated by Catholicism. He holds that all signs point to another, not obvious link, a community of *feeling*. His inquiry is, as he says, "several steps removed from direct inquiry into religious experience, and not less remote from the sort of direct inquiry that a psychologist conducts." The answer he believes is to be found in the work itself. Even if these men had not been Christians, they would, according to this theory, have revealed their common dilemma in the pattern of human suffering as it occurs in their writings. Because they are Christians, suffering is understood by them to be the Cross; the connecting link between them is to be found in the way in which the idea of the cross, of crucifixion, used "not as a pious external, but as an integral part of the pattern," is developed.

An effort to establish this common pattern of feeling, externalized in their work, occupies the final essay, from which the book takes its title. It is in this essay that the ingenious critic seems to fail, although to fail brilliantly, through an effort to prove too much. It is not shown that there is "an imaginative pattern which is peculiarly receptive of Catholicism." In the first eight essays, he usefully points out the subjective aspects of the work of each, which, using the language of Catholicism, yet often oppose and distort its concepts and teachings. In short, it is not Catholicism which has made them the artists they are. Rather, they themselves, systems formed by innumerable elements and factors, although modified profoundly by Catholicism, have also modified *it*, in their own understanding at least and correspondingly in their work, according to unconscious psychological forces existing within themselves. The concepts of their faith are variously understood by them, and more often than not misunderstood, or seen dimly, where the vision is psychologically impaired. Their conceptions of Christianity and their emotional dilemmas blend in such a way as to become almost inseparable. Thus it is the emotional dilemma that actually dominates the work, and reveals itself in the form of the Cross.

But what is this cross? What is the design of love and pain that has emerged for all as the crux of human suffering? Mr. O'Donnell proposes that "the shadow that lies over all this work" is that of Maria Cross, the unifying figure of woman, seen through several different eyes in Mauriac's *Desert of Love*. Loved by both a father and his son, she appears to the latter as all that is sexually desirable. In rebuffing him, she "becomes" his "mother" and this concept of her is reinforced in the youth when he learns that she is also loved by his father. Thenceforth she is the core of his suffering. Maria Cross, the figure through whom all these writers are related, in Mr. O'Donnell's analysis, looms up then as Jocasta, and the emotional pattern of these "exile" artists is basically related to the Oedipus theme.

Man remains nailed to his mother. When he seeks to break loose, to find 'Paradise' in loving another woman, he becomes aware of his crucifixion. Crucifixion, in which the cross suffers equally with the sacrifice, is punished for being the cross. It is the only form of love. This balance of pain and punishment subsists until death.

It is this emotional conviction, in the critic's view, that has formed—or distorted—the concepts of Christianity held by these unconsciously unorthodox Catholic writers, of whom only Claudel remains close to the hard intellectual center of Catholicism.

Donat O'Donnell stands somewhere between the philosophical objectivity of Maritain, whose literary influence he deplores, not altogether consistently, and the "anti rational" position he ascribes to these creative imaginations. His sympathy is with the artists, but he is able to draw critical distinctions which must be drawn. He has written a valuable book, and an important one, whether or not his final insight is wholly valid.

S. M. FITZGERALD

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(HERBERT READ, *continued from p. 17*)

argument—that presented by the evolution, in various industries, of the "typical form". He is led to this by his consideration of the art of printing, where it is difficult to conceive of any further advance in functional efficiency or even of aesthetical appeal. "Once established and perfected, type objects should have a long period of use." One might go further and say that perfection being absolute, use would be eternal. "No essential improvement in the safety pin has been made since the bronze age". There are other examples which Mr. Mumford might have quoted —there has been no essential improvement in domestic crockery since Wedgewood perfected his shapes about 1780; all deviations from the forms then evolved for machine production, even by the Wedgwood potteries, have been arbitrary departures from these ideal type-forms. There is no logical reason why such ideal type-forms should not be established over the whole range of industry, and what becomes of art then? It would be a golden age for the functionalists, but it would mean the atrophy of one of man's essential impulses—the impulse to endow his artefacts with a personal, a human quality.

I suggested in some lectures I gave at Yale a few years ago, that the only way out of this dilemma was the creation of what I called a double-decker civilization, and I still see no alternative. Why should we prevent the evolution, by machine art, of ideal type forms? But we must, as a compensation, provide exercise for the creative faculties, and this can only be done deliberately at the educational stage of life. If we turned over the educational years, at any rate up to and including the college stage, to activities based primarily on the creative manipulation of materials (even in this respect repeating the evolutionary stages of man's technical development) we might be able to evade that ghost-world rightly feared by Mr. Mumford, where everybody would live a second-hand and derivative life. The only other possibility (and it is a complement rather than an alternative to this proposal) is the one recommended years ago by Peter Kropotkin and again taken up by Mr. Mumford—the adaptation of machines to a human scale, directly under human control, by the widest possible devolution and dispersal of industry. That the workshop can be given a human scale has been proved by the Boimondau experiment which I will describe in an article in this periodical a few weeks hence.

Mr. Mumford's recommendations—and it is the only complaint I have against his thesis—are of a personal disciplinary nature.

> The fact is [he says] that to enjoy the perfections and delights of arts, above all in a day of mass production, the whole organism must be keyed up to its highest level of vigor, sensitive and responsive as only healthy beings are sensitive and responsive; and to achieve this state requires not only hygiene and gymnastic, as the incomparable Athen-

(*Continued to* HERBERT READ, *p. 31*)

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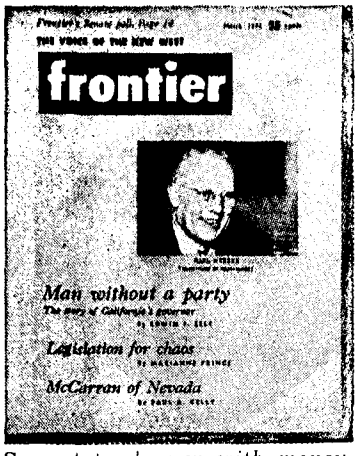

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THE MODERN SHAKESPEARE

by Eric Bentley

III

I MENTION SHAW because Margaret Webster recently directed him as if he were Shakespeare. That is, as if he were *her* Shakespeare. Shaw without tears. Shaw as a popular classic. Shaw gone a bit dowdy as if we'd been on tour and couldn't get the best actors or costumes or decor. Shaw dipped in aesthetic—or was it religious? — sauce so that his sense is obscured and great nonsense is imposed upon him. Here were all the weaknesses of your English "modern" movement. Over-direction where Shaw's story speaks for itself and its silences have far more eloquence than the angel voices which Miss Webster played on the phonograph. Under-direction wherever, in the story, things happen and mean something and the happenings and meanings have to be articulated. One example among many is the turning-point of *Saint Joan* where the Dauphin decides the Maid has gone far enough and deserts her. The actors were pleasantly placed so as to be visible and form a semicircle but movement was nowhere used to prepare or underline the awful event. The drama in the scene was not released. It is remarkable that in such circumstances Uta Hagen managed to give us a credible Joan.

The matter of credibility lies at the heart of *Saint Joan*, suggests the way it should be produced and also a line of thought that would help us direct Shakespeare. Shaw has always stressed that what we need is a credible religion (most of the claimants being incredible). In studying *Joan* he made a conscious effort to sort out a credible human being from all the highminded twaddle. There had been Saint Joans of many kinds: he would provide the credible one. His interpreters (he made clear in his letters to the Theatre Guild) must aid him—with natural and credible settings. For the thing we doubt about Joan is that she existed: convince us of that and we grant the rest.

We are not easily convinced. Only seeing is believing. That is one of the themes of the play. (De Stogumber doesn't believe flames burn till he sees them do so. Warwick refuses to see the flames because he cannot afford to believe.) The more honor to Uta Hagen that she convinced us. Someone said her performance was "pieced together." The remark was meant as a slight because what we respect nowadays is something vague, sweeping, impressionistic, for what is ill-defined must be deep and what is other-worldly must be great. A modicum of girlish sex-appeal, a trim boyish coiffure, a propensity for looking sweetly heavenwards, and you have the saleable Saint Joan; nothing is needed unless it be technicolor and a prologue by Cardinal Spellman.

Uta Hagen, on the other hand, "pieced together" her performance—from bits of reality. There is the way a peasant girl walks, for instance; it has to be rendered step by step. There is the way she talks; the actress cannot give the speeches all she has of eloquence and rhetorical skill; she is held down by the earthly and humble reality of the peasant girl; to work within these limits is the challenge of the part; a tough realism is the resultant style. There were complaints that Miss Hagen didn't "soar" in the trial scene or the epilogue. But even the "poetic" passages here are not primarily soaring lyricism. The speech about the fields and freedom is the natural outburst of a farmgirl, nearer to panic than to eloquence. In the epilogue it is not Joan but the others who grow poetical and chant a litany. Precisely in these two last scenes, Miss Hagen's performance had qualities far more to the point than those the critics sought. Think of her rubbing her shins when the chains are taken off. This is not Rosalind in tights, it is a real girl. Think of the way she spoke the last words of the play—"How long, O Lord, how long?"—not like a preacher at a lectern but like a young girl who is both bewildered and impatient—with a slightly plaintive stress on the "long."

Would it be possible to make Shakespeare's characters as credible as this? It is a more formidable problem, for the light mist that beset Miss Webster's *Saint Joan* is a mere wisp of the fog that surrounds her—and other people's —Shakespeare. Shaw addressed himself to the problem of credibility and knew

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Charles Callan Tansill is Professor of American Diplomatic History at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. As technical adviser to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee from 1918 to 1928, and a respected scholar in the field of diplomatic history, he is uniquely qualified to give an adequately documented account of the steps which led to our entrance into the second world war.

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that the Shakespearians would be his arch-enemies; hence his anti-Shakespeare campaign. It is ironic that the Shakespearians are taking over and running Shaw, when what is needed is that the Shavians take over and re-create Shakespeare, that is, clear away the fog and give us something intelligible, something credible. Underneath the wallpaper and the plaster is the fine Elizabethan woodwork.

Alec Guinness, as director, is apparently rather given to wallpaper, old and new, but as actor he prefers the solid oak. How strange the effect when—as at the Old Vic—he acts and co-directs *Hamlet!* You would have said it was one of those productions based on a dreadful Bright Idea; only you never discovered what the idea was. There were dark drapes with their usual aura of the art theatres of yesteryear. There was eccentric make-up, there were gauche, gaudy costumes. Everything was obviously going to be different. (Nothing so conclusively indicates the crisis Shakespeare production has reached as the almost hysterical way in which those who so long have ignored interpretation suddenly reach out after an Idea, that is, after novelty. Any novelty. In the matter of costume, for example. It was a great discovery for the mentally bankrupt that you can costume a Shakespeare play in any period. You choose the one that has not been chosen. The same holds for the Idea, and all else. Such a decor, such costumes, such deportment are possible; their opposites no less no. Nothing matters. The general layout of a "modern" Shakespeare production is arbitrary.)

Yet nothing is so encouraging as human contradictions: a man may think much that is wrong and do much that is right. In his own production of *Hamlet* Alec Guinness the actor was as successfully out of the swim as Uta Hagen in Margaret Webster's *Saint Joan.* He too had "pieced together" a role, assembling a Hamlet out of what he knows of intelligent human beings in extreme situations. The result was something vastly superior to the displays of oratory, neuroticism, effeminacy, and movie-star glamour that we are usually asked to regard as the Prince of Denmark. He was passionate and noble without being either neurotic or genteel. One had to listen. I have never listened to any Hamlet as I did to his. The voice, so gentle yet so steely, so thoughtful yet so menacing (and menaced), commanded an eager attention. Hence (as far as Mr. Guinness was concerned at least) the story could be told, the situation presented, the problem explained.

Clarity is frightening when it makes you realize that most performances are unclear and that their very method militates against clarity. In the Olivier film, the story was not told (they thought either that we knew it or that it didn't matter), the situations were therefore simplified and attenuated, and the problem never had any serious existence.

(RANSOM, *continued from page 16*)

of the fourth line after *ash*, as if to oblige us to make the one-beat pause at the end.

A poem which stands not many poems away from this, yet was composed much later, and peopled with familiar characters from the Wessex novels, is "Friends Beyond." It illustrates many of the poet's qualities at once. The argument is a fantasy of Hardy's very own. He is in his fifties now, still hurt by the trauma he suffered in his twenties —which were the 1860's—when he went to London, and the faith in which he had been nurtured was blown up in his face by the evolutionists, and those new Biblical scholars who for certain essays were called the "Seven Against Christ." It was a bad hurt, but perhaps only accented what would have been anyway the melancholy set of his temperament. So in the poem the spirits of the old friends who now lie in Mellstock Churchyard are whispering to him about their "triumph" in the grave: they are delivered from "terrestrial stress," and "chill detraction," and even "fear of death." They speak to him both in unison and separately. Thus two of them in one of the stanzas:

W. D.—"Ye mid burn the old bass-viol
that I set such value by."
Squire.—"You may hold the manse in fee,
You may wed my spouse, may
let my children's memory of
me die."

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And the poet observes:

Thus, with very gods' composure, freed
those crosses late and soon,
Which in life the Trine allow
(Why, none witteth), and ignoring all
that haps beneath the moon,

William Dewey, Tranter Reuben, Farmer
Ledlow late at plough,
Robert's kin, and John's and
Ned's,
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, murmur
mildly to me now.

Among poets there is more dwelling on mortality than on immortality. And there is something sporting, and purifying, in this poet's resolute irony. But he was to become easier about it as he would grow older, and he was already old. He had a gentle nature, and his humble industry was prodigious; how should the knowledge of death corrupt him?

The stanza here is composed of two rhymed eight-beaters holding suspended between them a four-beater which is unrhymed. But its attachment looks forward: in the following stanza it will give its rhyme to the two eight-beaters; and there a new four-beater will be to give rhyme to the next stanza, and so on by unbroken progression through all the twelve stanzas of the poem. This rhyme-scheme is no more nor less than that of Dante's terza rima, a form exalted among university poets. We have attended a startling marriage between the high and the low.

I recall my excitement when I read in the *New Republic* at least two poems which Hardy wrote in the 1920's, never matched so far as I know by another octogenarian poet. It would have been Ridgely Torrence who chose them. One was "Haunting Fingers: a Phantasy in a museum of musical instruments." It is not in the folk rhythm as I hear it, but has a virtuosity in that two different kinds of stanza are employed systematically. Five separate times there are two stanzas spoken by the instruments in the one form, followed by a stanza of narrative in the other form. The second and third stanzas of the poem read:

"O viol, my friend,
I watch, though Phosphor nears,
And I fain would drowse away to the
utter end
This dumb dark stowage after my loud
melodious years."

And they felt past handlers clutch them,
Though none was in the room,
Old players' dead fingers touch them,
Shrunk in the tomb.

Still later there was a wonderful day when I found another poem, in a British publication: "The Missed Train," in five short quatrains. The speaker recalls the time in his youth when, returning from a visit to his sweetheart, he had to put up in a hotel room at a wretched railway junction, but he dreamed all the night of "the unwitting cause / Of my lodgment." He concludes:

Thus onetime to me . . .
Dim wastes of dead years bar away
Then from now. But such happenings
today
Fall to lovers, may be!

Years, years as shoaled seas,
Truly, stretch now between! Less and less
Shrink the visions then vast in me.—Yes,
Then in me: Now in these.

It is beautiful, and final. We feel that this is the only way, in just these verses word for word as they stand, for the old poet to conclude his very late poem.

(HERBERT READ, *continued from p. 28*)

ians knew, but a high state of moral alertness and conscious control . . . we need to develop habits of inhibition on which we too glibly have bestowed, in the recent past, the epithet puritanic.

I must confess that this association of art with morality leaves me uneasy. I distrust any attitude of consciousness towards art. Art is organic, and our despair is that we cannot legislate for its growth. We can take precautions —cultivate the soil, support the tender shoots (the people with talent), but if we try to dictate the colour of the blossom or the form of the fruit, we shall end in sterility. The renewal of life is admittedly "the great theme of our age", and the individual effort "to recover our capacity for living" is important, but exhortation is not enough, and "purposeful action" remains undefined. Such definition, on the very practical level of education and social, organization, is now the supreme need.

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